



A  
P L E A S A N T

conceited Comedie, where

*in is shewed, how a man  
may choose a good Wife  
from a bad.*

*As it hath beene sundry times acted, by  
the Earle of Worcesters seruants.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Mathew Law*, and are to be sold at his  
shop in *Paules Church-yard*, neare vnto *St.*

*Augustines gate*, at the signe of  
the *Foxe*. 1605.

# PLANT

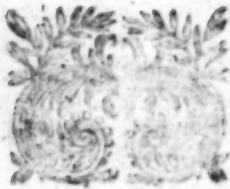
connected Comedy, where

no in the way, but a way

my children good, with

from a bird

As it hath beene ready times acted, by  
the Haile of Worcester's Ioumies.



LONDON

Printed for C. Smith in A. 1681, and are to be sold in  
shop in Pauls Church-yard, near the  
Coffin-makers shop, at the sign of  
the Rose, at 100.



A pleasant conceited Comedie,  
wherein is shewed, how a man may  
choose a good Wife from a bad.

*Enter, as upon the Exchange, young Maister  
Arthur, and Maister Lusam.*

*Arthur.*

I Tell you true Sir, but to euery man  
I would not be so lauish of my speech,  
Onely to you my deare and priuate friend,  
Although my wife in euery eye, be held  
Of beauty and of grace sufficient,  
Of honest birth, and good behauiour,  
Able to winne the strongest thoughts to her:  
Yet in my minde, I hold her the most hated  
And loathed obiect, that the world can yeeld.

*Lus.* Oh M. *Arthur*, beare a better thought  
Of your chaste wife, whose modesty hath won  
The good opinion and report of all:  
By heauen you wrong her beauty, she is faire.

*Ar.* Not in mine eye.

*Lus.* O, you are cloied with dainties M. *Arthur*,  
And too much sweetenesse glutted hath your taste,  
And makes you loath them. At the first,  
You did admire her beautie, praisde her face,  
Were proud to haue her follow at your heeles,  
Through the broad streetes, when all censuring tonges

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

Found themselves busied, as she pass'd along,  
To extoll her in the hearing of you both:  
Tell me I pray you, and dissemble not,  
Have you not in the time of your first loue,  
Hug'd such new popular and vulgar talke,  
And glorified still, to see her trooly deck'd?  
But now a kinde of loathing hath quite chang'd  
Your shape of loue, into a forme of hate:  
But on what reason ground you this hate?

*Ar.* My reason is my minde, my ground, my will:  
I will not loue her, If you aske me why,  
I cannot loue her, let that answer you.

*Ln.* Be iudge all eyes, her face deserues it not:  
Then on what roote growes this high branch of hate?  
Is she not loyall, constant, loving, chaste,  
Obedient, apt to please, loth to displease,  
Carefull to liue, charie of her good name,  
And iealous of your reputation?  
Is she not vertuous, wife, religious?  
How should you wrong her to deny all this?  
*Good M. Arthur* let me argue with you.

*Enter walking and talking, M. Anselme,*

*and Master Fuller.*  
*Ful.* Oh *M. Anselme*, grown a louer! sic,

What might she be, on whom your hopes relied?

*An.* What fooles they are, that seeme most wise in  
How wise they are, that are but fooles in loue. (loue,  
Before I was a louer, I had reason  
To iudge of matters, censure of all sorts:  
Nay, I had wit to call a louer foole,  
And looke into his folly with bright eyes,  
But now intruding Loue dwells in my braine,

And



*how to choose a good wife from a bad.*

And frankly hath shouldred reason thence,  
I am not old, and yet alas I doate:  
I haue not lost my sight, and yet am blind,  
No bondman, yet haue lost my libertie,  
No naturall foole, and yet I want my wit.  
What am I then, let me define my selfe,  
A doater yong, a blind man that can see,  
A wittie foole, a bond-man that is free.

*Ful.* Good aged youth, blind seer, and wise foole,  
Lose your free bonds, & set your thoughts to schoole.

*Enter old M. Arthur, and old M. Lusam.*

*Old Ar.* Tis told me M. Lusam, that my sonne  
And your chaste daughter whom we matche together,  
Wrangle and fall at oddes, and beaue, and chide.

*Old Lu.* Nay I thinke so, I neuer lookt for better  
This tis to marrie children when they are yong,  
I said as much at first, that such yong brats  
Would gree together, euen like dogs and cats.

*Old Ar.* Nay, pray you M. Lusam, say not so,  
There was great hope, though they were matcht but  
Their vertues wold haue made them sympathise, yong  
And liue together like two quiet Saints.

*Old Lu.* You say true, there was great hope indeed  
They wold haue liu'd like Saints, but wheres the fault?

*Old Ar.* If fame be true, the most faults in my sonne.

*Old Lu.* you say true M. Arthur, tis so indeed.

*Old Ar.* Nay sir, I do not altogether excuse  
Your daughter, many lay the blame on her.

*Old Lu.* Ha, say you so, bithmasse tis like enough,  
For from her childhood she hath beene a shrew.

*Old Ar.* A shrew! you wrong her, al the town admires  
For mildnesse, chastnesse, and humilitie.

*Old Lu.* Forc God you say well, she is so indeed.

*A pleasant conceited Comedie.*

The Citie doth admire her for these vertues.

*Old Ar.* O fir, you praise your child too palpably,  
Shee's mild and chaste, but not admir'd so much.

*Old Lu.* I, so I say, I did not meane admir'd.

*Old Ar.* Yes if a man do well consider her,  
Your daughter is the wonder of her sexe.

*Old Lu.* Are you aduise of that, I cannot tell  
What tis you call the wonder of her sexe,  
But she is, is she, I indeede she is.

*Old Ar.* What is she?

*Old Lu.* Euen what you wil, you know best what she is.

*Answe.* You is her husband, let vs leaue this walke,  
How full are bad thoughts of suspicion,  
I loue, but loath my selfe for louing so,  
Yet cannot change my disposition.

*Fuller.* *Medice cura teipsum.*

*Ans.* *Hec mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.*

*Tong Ar.* All your perswasions are to no effect,  
Neuer alledge her vertues, nor her beautie,  
My setled vnkindnesse hath begot  
A resolution to be vnkind still,  
My raunging plasures loue varietie.

*Tong Lu.* Oh too vnkind vnto so kind a wife,  
Too vertuelesse to one so vertuous,  
And too vnchaste vnto so chaste a matron.

*Tong Ar.* But soft fir, see where my two fathers are  
Busily talking, let vs shrinke aside,  
For if they see me they are bent to chide.

*Exeunt.*

*Old Ar.* I thinke tis best to go straight to the house,  
And make them friends againe: what thinke you fir?

*Old Lu.* I thinke so too.

*Old Ar.* Now I remember too, that's not so good,

For

*how to choose a good wife from a bad.*

For diuers reasons I thinke best stay here,  
And leaue them to their wrangling, what thinke you?

*Old Lu.* I thinke so too.

*Old Ar.* Nay we will go, that's certaine.

*Old Lu.* I, tis best, tis best in sooth: thers no way but to

*Old Ar.* Yet if our going should breed more viresty,

More discord, more dissention, more debate,

More wrangling where there is enough alreadie,

Twere better stay then go.

*Old Lu.* Fore God tis true,

Our going may perhaps breed more debate,

And then we may too late wish we had staid:

And therefore if you will be rul'd by me,

We will not go, thats flat: Nay if we loue

Our credits, or our quiets, lets not go.

*Old Ar.* But if we loue their credits, or their quiets, we

And reconcile them to their former loue: (must goe)

Where there is strife betwixt man and wife tis hell,

And mutuall loue may be compar'd to heauen:

For then their soules and spirits are at peace.

Come *M. Lusam*, now tis dinner time,

When we haue dinde, the first worke we will make,

Is to decide their iarres for pitie sake.

*Old Lu.* Well fare a good heart, yet are you aduise,

Goe, said you, *M. Arthur*: I will runne,

To end these broyles that discord hath begunne.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mistris Arthur, and her man Pipkin.*

*Mist. Ar.* Come hither Pipkin, how chance you tread

*Pip.* For feare of breaking Mistrisse (so softly?)

*Mist. Ar.* Art thou afraid of breaking, how for

*Pip.* Can you blame me Mistris, I am crackt alreadie.

*Mist.* Crackt Pipkin, how, hath any crackt your crowne?

*Pip.* No

*A pleasant corrected Comedie.*

*Pip.* No mistress, I thank God my crown is currant, but.

*Mis. Ar.* But, what?

*Pip.* The maid gaue me not my supper yesternight, so that indeed my belly wambled; and standing neare the great sea-coale fire in the hall, and not being full, on the sodain I crackt, and you know Mistress a Pipkin is soone broken.

*Mis. Ar.* Sirra, runne to the Exchange, and if you there Can finde my husband, pray him to come home, Tell him I will not eate a bit of bread Vntill I see him: prethee Pipkin runne.

*Pip.* Bur Lady Mistress, if I should tell him so, it may be he would not come, were it for no other cause but to saue charges, Ile rather tell him, if he come not quickly, you will eate vp all the meat in the house, and then if he be of my stomacke he will runne euery foote, and make the more haste to dinner.

*Mis. Ar.* I thou maist iest, my heart is not so light It can digest the least conceit of ioy: Intreate him fairely, though I thinke he loues All places worse than he beholdes me in, Wilt thou begone?

*Pip.* Whither Mistress, to the Change?

*Mis. Ar.* I, to the Change.

*Pip.* I will Mistresse, hoping my M. will goe so oft to the Change, that at length he will change his minde, and vse you more kindly, O it were braue if my Maister could meet with a Marchant of ill ventres to bargain with him for all his bad conditions, & he sell them outright; you should haue a quieter heart, and we all a quieter house: but hoping Mistresse you wil passe ouer all these iannes and squables in good health, as my Maister was at the making hereof, I commit you,

*Mis. Ar.*

*how to chauce a good Wife from a bad.*

*Mis. Ar.* Make haste againe I prethee, till I see him  
My heart will neuer be at rest within me:  
My husband hath of late so much estranged  
His words, his deedes, his heart from mee,  
That I can seldome haue his company:  
And euen that seldome, with such discontent,  
Such frownes, such chidings, such impatience,  
That did not truth and vertue arme my thoughts,  
They would confound me with dispaire and hate,  
And make me runne into extremities.  
Had I deseru'd the least bad looke from him,  
I should account my selfe too bad to liue:  
But honouring him in loue and chastitie,  
All iudgements censure freely of my wrongs.

*Enter young Arthur, Master Lufsam, Pipkin.*

*Ton. Ar.* Pipkin, what said she when she sent for me?

*Pip.* Faith Master she said little, but she thought more,  
For she was very melancholy.

*Ton. Ar.* Did I not tell you she was melancholy  
For nothing else, but that she sent for me,  
And fearing I would come to dine with her.

*Ton. Lu.* O you mistake her, euen vpon my soule  
I durst affirme, you wrong her chastitie:  
See where she doth attend your comming home.

*Mis. Ar.* Come M. Arthur, shall we in to dinner?  
Sirra, be gone, and see it seru'd in.

*Ton. Lu.* Will you not speake vnto her?

*Ton. Ar.* No nor I, will you goe in sir?

*Mis. Ar.* Not speake to me, nor once looke towards  
It is my dutie to begin I know,  
And I will breake this ice of cutesie.  
You are welcome home sir.

*Ton. Ar.* Hark Master Lufsam, if she mock me not?

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

You are welcome home sir, am I well come home,  
Good faith I care not if I be or no.

*Tom. Lu.* Thus you misconster all things *M. Arthur*,  
Looke if her true loue, melt not into teares.

*Tom. Ar.* She weepes, but why? that I am come so  
To hinder her of some appointed guests, (soone,  
That in my absence, reuels in my house:  
She weepes, to see me in her company,  
And were I absent, she would laugh with ioy:  
She weepes, to make me wearie of the house,  
Knowing my heart cannot away with greefe.

*Mis. Ar.* Knew I that mirth would make you loue my  
I would enforce my heart to be more merry. (bed,

*Tom. Ar.* Doe you not heare? she would inforce her  
All mirth is forc'd, that she can make with me. (hart

*Tom Lu.* O mis-conceit, how bitter is thy taste!  
Sweete *M. Arthur*, *Mistris Arthur* too,  
Let me intreate you, reconcile these iarrs,  
Odious to heauen, and most abhor'd of men.

*Mis. Ar.* You are a stranger sir, but by your words  
You doe appeare an honest Gentleman:  
If you professe to be my husbands friend,  
Persist in these perswasions, and be iudge  
With all indifferencie, in these discontents.  
Sweete husband, if I be not faire enough  
To please your eye, range where you list abroad,  
Onely at coming home, speake me but faire:  
If you delight to change, change when you please,  
So that you will not change your loue to me:  
If you delight to see me drudge and royle,  
Ile be your drudge, because 'tis your delight:  
Or if you thinke me vnworthy of the name  
Of your chaste wife, I will become your maide;

*You*



*How to choofe a good Wife from a bad.*

Your flauē, your ſeruant, any thing you will,  
If for that name of ſeruant, and of flauē,  
You will but ſmile vpon me now and then:  
Or if, as I well thinke you cannot loue me,  
Loue where you liſt, onely but ſay you loue me:  
Ile feede on ſhadowes, let the ſubſtance goe.  
Will you deny me ſuch a ſmall requeſt?  
What, wil you neither loue nor flatter me?  
O then, I ſee your hate heere doth but wound me,  
And with that hate, it is your frownes confound me.

*To. Lu.* Wonder of women: why hark you *M. Arthur*,  
What, is your wife a woman, or a Saint?  
A wife, or ſome bright Angell come from heauen?  
Are you not mou'd at this ſtrange ſpectacle?  
This day I haue beheld a miracle.

When I attempt this ſacred nuptiall life,  
I beg of heauen, to finde me ſuch a wife.

*Ten. Ar.* Ha, ha, a miracle, a progedie,  
To ſee a woman weepe, is as much pittie,  
As to ſee Foxes dig'd out of their holes:  
If thou wilt pleaſure mee, let me ſee thee leſſe,  
Greeue much: they ſay greefe often ſhortens life,  
Come not too neere me, till I call thee wife:  
And that will be but ſeldome. I will tell thee  
How thou ſhalt winne my heart, die ſodainely,  
And Ile become a luſtie widdower:

The longer thy life laſts, the more my hate  
And loathing ſtill increaſeth towards thee.  
When I come home, and finde thee cold as earth,  
Then will I loue thee. Thus thou know'ſt my minde:  
Come *M. Luſam*, let vs in to dine.

*Exeunt.*

*Yon. Lu.* O ſir, you too much affect this euill:  
Pore ſaint, why wert thou yoked thus with a diuel. *Exit*



*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

*Mis. Ar.* If thou wilt win my heart, die suddenly,  
But that my soule was bought at such a rate,  
At such a high price as my Satiours blood,  
I would not sticke to loose it with a stab.  
But vertue banish all such fantasies.  
He is my husband, and I loue him well,  
Next to my owne soules health I tender him,  
And would giue all the pleasures of the world  
To buy his loue, if I might purchase it.  
Ile follow him, and like a seruant, waite,  
And strue by all meanes to preuent his hate. *Exit.*

*Enter old Arthur and old Lufam.*

*Old Ar.* This is my sonnes house, were it best go in.  
*How say you maister Lufam?*

*Old Lu.* How goe in, how say you fir?

*Old Ar.* I say tis best.

*Old Luf.* I fir, say you so? so say I too.

*Old Ar.* Nay, nay, tis not best, Ile tell you why:  
Happly the fire of hate is quite extinct  
From the dead embers, now to rake them vp,  
Should the least sparke of discontent appeare,  
To make the flame of hatred burne afresh,  
The heate of this dissention might scorch vs,  
Which in his own cold ashes smothered vp,  
May die in silence, and reuiue no more:  
And therefore tell me, is it best or no?

*Old Luf.* How say you fir?

*Old Ar.* I say it is not best.

*Old Luf.* Masse you say well fir, and so say I too.

*Old Ar.* But shall we loose our labor to come hither,  
And without sight of our two children  
Go backe againe: nay, we will in, that's sure.

*Old Lu.*

*how to choose a good wife from a bad.*

*old Lu.* In quotha, do you make a doubt of that?  
Shall we come thus farre, and in such post haste,  
And haue our children here, and both within,  
And not behold them ere our backe returne?  
It were vnfriendly, and vnfartherly.

Come M. *Arthur*, pray you follow me.

*old Ar.* Nay but harke you sir, wil you not knocke?

*old Lu.* Ist best to knocke.

*old Ar.* I, knocke in any case.

*old Lu.* T was well you put it in mind to knocke,  
I had forgotten it else I promise you. (doore)

*old Ar.* Tush, ist not my formes and your daughters  
And shall we two stand knocking? Leade the way.

*old Lu.* Knock at our childrens dores, that were a jest,  
Are we such fooles to make our selues so strange  
Where we should still be boldest? In for shame,  
We will not stand vpon such ceremonies. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Anselme and Fuller.*

*Ful.* Speake, in what kew sir do you find your heart,  
Now thou hast slept a litle on thy loue?

*Ans.* Like one that straiues to shun a little plash  
Of shallow water, and auoyding it,  
Plunges into a riuer past his deapth.  
Like one that from a small sparke steps aside,  
And falles in headlong to a greater flame.

*Ful.* But in such fires scorch not thy selfe for shame:  
If she be fire, thou art so far from burning,  
That thou hast scarce yet warmed thee at her face:  
But list to me, Ile turne thy heart from loue,  
And make thee loathe all of the feminine sexe.  
They that haue knowne me, knew me once of name,  
To be a perfect wench: I haue tried  
All sortes, all sects, all states, and find them still  
Inconstant, fickle, alwayes variable.

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

Attend me may, I will prescribe a methode  
How thou shalt win her without all peradventure.

*Ans.* That would I gladly heare.

*Fal.* I was once like thee,

A figher, melancholic, humorist,  
Crosse of armes, a goer without garters,  
A hatband-hater, and a busk-point wearer,  
One that did vse much bracelets made of haire,  
Rings on my fingers, Jewels in mine eares,  
And now and then a wenches Carkanet,  
That had two letters for her name in Pearle:  
Scarfs, garters, bands, wrought waistcoats, gold, stitche  
A thousand of those female fooleries, (caps,  
But when I lookt into the glasse of reason, strait I began  
To loath that femall brauerie, and hence forth  
Studie to erie peccanti to the world.

*Ans.* I pray you to your former argument,  
Prescribe a meanes to winne my best belou'd

*Fal.* First, be not bashfull, bar all blushing tricks,  
Be not too apish female, do not come  
With foolish Sonets to present her with,  
With legs, with curtesies, congies, and such like:  
Nor with pend speeches, or too farre fetcht sighes,  
I hate such anticke quaint formalitie.

*Ans.* Oh but I cannot watch occasion,  
She dashes euerie proffer with a frowne.

*Fal.* A frowne, a foole, thou afraid of frowne?  
He that will leaue occasion for a frowne,  
Were I his iudge (all you his case bemoane)  
His doome should be, euer to lie alone.

*Ans.* I cannot chuse but when a wench saies nay,  
To take her at her word and leaue my sute.

*Fal.* Continue that opinion, and be sure  
To die a virgin chaste, a maiden pure.

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

It was my chance once in my wanton dayes  
To Court a wench, harke and Ile tell thee how  
I came vnto my Loue, and she lookt coy,  
I spake vnto my Loue, she turnd aside,  
I toucht my Loue, and gan with her to toy,  
But she sate mute for anger, or for pride:  
I striu'd and kist my Loue, she cried away:  
Thou wouldst haue left her thus, I made her stay.  
I catcht my Loue, and wrung her by the hand,  
I tooke my Loue, and set her on my knee,  
And puld her to me, O you spoile my band,  
You hurt me sir, pray let me go quoth she.  
I am glad quoth I, that you haue found your tongue,  
And still my Loue I by the finger wroong.  
I askt her if she lou'd me, she said no,  
I bade her sweare, she straight calls for a booke:  
Nay then thought I, tis time to let her go,  
I easde my knee, and from her cast a looke,  
She leaues me wondring at these strange affaires,  
And like a wind she trips me vp the staires.  
I left the roome below, and vp I went,  
Finding her throwne vpon her wanton bed:  
I askt the cause of her sad discontent,  
Furrrer she lies, and making roome she sed,  
Now sweeting kisse me, hauing time and place:  
So clings me to her with a sweet imbrace.

*Ans.* Impossible, I had not thought till now  
That women could dissemble. *M. Fuller*  
Here dwels the sacred mistres of my heart,  
Before her doore Ile frame a frivolous walke,  
And spying her, with her deuise some talke.

*Enter as out of the house, M. Arthur, Mistris Arthur, old  
Arthur, old Lasan, young Lasan, Pipkin, and the rest.*

*Fal.* What stir is this, less step but out the way,  
And heare the vtmost what these people say. *old &c.*

*Old Ar.* Thou art a knave, although thou be my son,  
Hauē I with care and trouble brought thee vp  
To be a staffe and comfort to my age,  
A pillar to support me, and a crutch  
To leane on in my second infancie,  
And doost thou use me thus? Thou art a knave.

*Old Lu.* A knave, I mary, and an arrant knave;  
And sirra, by olde maister *Arthurs* leaue,  
Though I be weake and olde, Ile prooue thee one.

*Young Ar.* Sir, though it be my fathers pleasure thus  
To wrong me with the scorned name of knave,  
I will not haue you so familiar,  
Nor so presume vpon my patience.

*Old Lu.* Speake M. Arthur, is he not a knauer?

*Old Ar.* Flay he is a knave.

*Old Lu.* Then so say I.

*Young Ar.* My father may command my patience,  
But you sir, that are but my father in law,  
Shall not so mocke my reputation,  
Sir, you shall finde I am an honest man.

*Old Lu.* An honest man!

*Young Ar.* I sir, so I say.

*Old Lu.* Nay, if you say so, Ile not be against it;  
But sir, you might haue vnde my daughter better,  
Then to haue beather spured her, mild at her  
Before our faces.

*Old Ar.* I therein sonne Arthur, I hold him  
Thou shewdst thy selfe no better then a knave.

*Old Lu.* I mary did he, I will stand to it,  
To vse my honest daughter in such sort,  
He shewed himselfe no better then a knave.

*Young Ar.* I say againe I am an honest man,  
He wrongs me that shall say the contrary.

*Old Lu.* I grant he that you are an honest man,  
Ne

*how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.*

Nor will I say vnto the contrary,  
But wherefore doe you vse my daughter thus?  
Can you accuse her of vnc chastitie,  
Of loose demeanour, disobedience, or disloyaltie?  
Speake, what canst thou object against my daughter?

*Old Ar.* Accuse her, here she stands, spit in her face,  
If she be guiltie in the least of these.

*Mis. Ar.* O father, be more patient, if you wrong  
My honest husband, all the blame be mine,  
Because you do it onely for my sake.  
I am his hand-maid, since it is his pleasure  
To vse me thus, I am content therewith,  
And beare his checks and crosses patiently.

*Young Ar.* If in mine own house I can haue no place,  
Hee seeke it elsewhere, and frequent it lesse.  
Father, I am now past one and twentie yeeres,  
I am past my fathers pampering, I sucke not:  
Nor am I dandled on my mothers knee:  
Then if you were my father twentie times,  
You shall not chuse but let me be my selfe.  
Do I come home so seldome, and that seldome  
Am I thus baited? Wife, remember this,  
Father farewell, and father in law adieu:  
Your sonne had rather fast than feast with you. *Exit.*

*Old Ar.* Well go to wild oats, spend thrist prodigal,  
Hee crosse thy name quite from my reckning booke:  
For these accounts, faith it shall scathe thee somewhat,  
I wil not say what, somewhat it shall be.

*Old Ar.* And it shall scathe him somewhat of my purse,  
And daughter, I will take thee home againe,  
Since thus he hates thy fellowship,  
Be such an eye-sore to his sight no more,  
I tell thee, thou no more shalt trouble him.

*Mis. Ar.* Will you divorce whom God hath tied tog-



Or breake that knot, the sacred hand of heaven  
Made fast betwixt vs. Have you neuer read,  
What a great curse was laid vpon his head,  
That breakes the holy band of marriage,  
Diuorcing husbands from their chosen wives?  
Father, I will not leaue my *Arthur* so,  
Not all my friends can make me proue his foe.

*Old Ar.* I could say somewhat in my sons reproofe.

*Old Lu.* Faith so could I.

*Old Ar.* But till I meete him, I will let it passe.

*Old Lu.* Faith so will I.

*Old Ar.* Daughter farewell, with weeping eyes I part,  
Witnesse these teares, thy griefe sits neere my heart.

*Old Lu.* Weepe M. *Arthur*, nay, then let me cry,  
His cheekes shall not be wet, and mine be dry.

*Mis. Ar.* Fathers fare well, spend not a teare for me,  
But for my husbands sake let these woes be.  
For when I weepe, 'tis not for my owne care,  
But feare, lest folly bring him to dispaire.

*Young Lu.* Sweet Sainr continue still this penitence,  
For time will bring him to true penitence,  
Mirror of vertue, thanks for my good cheere,  
A thousand thanks.

*Mis. Ar.* It is so much too deere,  
But you are welcome for my husbands sake.  
His guests shall haue best welcome I can make.  
*To. L.* Then marriage, nothing in the world more com.  
Nothing more rare then such a vertuous woman. *Ex.*

*Mis. Ar.* My husband in this humor, well I know,  
Plaies but the vnthrif; therefore it behoues me  
To be the better hufwife heere at home,  
To saue and get, whilst he doth laugh and spend.  
Though for himselfe he riots it at large,  
My needle shall defray my households charge.



*how to change a good Wife from a bad.*

*Ful.* Now master Anselme to her, step not backe,  
Busle your selfe, see where she sits at worke:  
Be not afraide man, shee's but a woman,  
And women the most cowards seldome feare:  
Thinke but vpon my former principles:  
And twentie pounds to a dreame you speede.

*Ans.* I, say you so?

*Ful.* Beware of blushing sirra,  
Of feare and too much eloquence:  
Raile on her husband his mis using her,  
And make that serue thee as an argument,  
That she may sooner yeeld to doe him wrong:  
Were it my case, my Loue, and I to pleade,  
I hau't at fingers ends: who could misse the clowt,  
Hauing so faire a white, such heeddy aime,  
This is the vphot, now bid for the game.

*Ans.* Faire mistris, God saue you.

*Ful.* What a circumstance begins he with, what an  
To tell her at the first that she was faire, (asse is he?  
The onely meanes to make her to be coy:  
He should haue rather told her she was foule,  
And brought her out of loue quite with her selfe:  
And being so, she would the lesse haue carde,  
Vpon whose secrets she had laide her loue:  
He hath almost marrd all with that word faire.

*Ans.* Mistris, God saue you.

*Ful.* What a blocke is that,  
To say, God saue you, is the fellow madde,  
Once to name God in his yngodly inter?

*Mis. An.* Y are welcome sir: come you to speak with  
Or with my husband, pray you whats your wille (me,

*Ful.* She answers to the purpose, whats your wille  
O' zowns that I were there to answyer her.

*Ans.* Mistris, my will is not so loone expres,

*On the first conceited Comedie*  
Without your speciall fauour, and the promise  
Of loue and pardon I speake amisse.

*Ful.* O asse, O duns, O blockhead that hath left  
The plaine broad hie way, and the readiest path  
To trauell round about by Circumstance:  
He might haue told his meaning in a word,  
And now hath lost his opportunitie:  
Neuer was such a trewant in Loues schoole,  
I am ashamde that ere I was his Tutor.

*Mi. Ar.* Sir, you may freely speake what ere it be  
So that your speech futeh with modestie.

*Ful.* To this now could I answer passing well.

*Ans.* Mi. Ar. I pittying that so faire a creature.

*Ful.* Still faire, and yet I ward the contrarie.

*An.* Should by a vicer be so fowly vide as you haue

*Ful.* I, that was wel put in, (beene.

If time and place were both conuenient.

*Ans.* Haue made this bold intrusion to present  
My loue and seruice to your sacred selfe.

*Ful.* Indifferent, that was not much amisse.

*Mi. Ar.* Sir, what you mean by seruice and by loue  
I will not know: but what you meane by villaine  
I saine would know.

*Ans.* That villaine is your husband:

Whose wrongs towardes you, are bruted thorow the  
O can you suffer at a Peasants hands, (land:  
Vnworthy once to touch this silken skinnie,  
To be so rudely beate and buffeted:

Can you indure from such infectious breath  
Able to blasse your beaunie, to haue names  
Of such impoisoned hate sung in your face?

*Ful.* O that was good, nothing was good but that  
That was the lesson that I taught him last.

*Ans.* O can you beare your neuer tainted fame,

Wound

*How to choose a good Wife from a bad*

Wounded with words of shame and infamie  
O can you see your pleasures dealt away,  
And you to be debarred all part of them,  
And bury it in deepe obliuion?  
Shall your true right be still contributed  
Mongst hungry bawds, insatiable Curtisane?  
And can you leaue that villaine by whose deede  
Your soule doth sigh, and your distrest heart bleed?

*Fal.* All this as well as I could wish my selfe.

*Mis. Ar.* Sir, I haue heard thus long with patience,  
If it be me you terme a villaines wife,  
In sooth you haue mistooke me all this while,  
And neither know my husband nor my selfe,  
Or else you know not, man and wife is one;  
If he be called a villaine, what is she,  
Whose heart, and loue, and soule, is one with him?  
Tis pittie that so faire a Gentleman  
Should fall into such villaines company.  
Oh sir, take heede, if you regard your life,  
Meddle not with a villaine, or his wife. *Exit.*

*Fal.* O that same word villaine hath mard all.

*Ans.* Now wher's your instruction? wher's the wench  
Where are my hopes? where your directions?

*Fal.* Why man, in that word vilaine you mard all:  
To come vnto an honest wife, and call  
Her husband villaine, were she nere so bad,  
Thou mightst well thinke she would not brooke that  
For her owne credit, though no loue to him. *(name)*  
But leaue not thus, but trie some other meane,  
Let not one way thy hopes make frustrate cleane.

*Ans.* I must persist my Loue against my will,  
He that knows al things, knows I proue this ill. *Exeunt*

*Enter* ~~Quintus~~ *with a rod in his hand, and 4 or*  
*5 boys with their books in their hands.*

*A pleasant conceited Comedie.*

*Ami.* Come boyes, come boyes, rehearse your  
And then ad prandium iam iam incipe. (parts,

1. *Boy* Forsooth my lesson's torne out of my booke.

*Ami.* *Qua caccus Charius deseruisse decet.*

Torne from your booke! Ile tearc it from your breech.

How say you mistress *Virga*, will you suffer

*Hic puer bona indolis* to tearc

His Lessons, Leapes and Lectures from his booke?

1. *Boy* Truly forsooth I laid it in my seate,

While *Rabin Glade* and I went into *Campus*.

And when I came againe my booke was torne.

*Ami.* O *muu* a mowle, was euer heard the like.

1. *Boy* O *domus* a house, Master I could not mend it.

2. *Boy* O *pedicular* a lowle, I know not how it came.

*Ami.* All towardly boyes, good schollers of their  
The least of these is past his *Accidence*, (times,

Some at *Qui mihi*: heere's not a boy.

But he can conster all his *Grammer Rules*.

*Sed ubi sunt sedules*, not yet come?

Those *tard venientes*, shall be whipt.

*Ubi est Pipkin*, wher's that lazie knaue?

He playes the trewant euery *Saturday*:

But mistress *Virga*, lady *Willowby*

Shall teach him, that *De'nculo surgere*. Enter *Pipkin*.

*Est soliberrimum*, heere comes the knaue.

1. *Boy* *Tarde, tarde, tarde*.

2. *Boy* *Tarde, tarde, tarde*.

*Ami.* *Huc ades Pipkin*, teach a better rod.

*Cur tam tarde venis?* speake where haue you bin?

Is this a time of day to come to schoole?

*Ubi fuisti*, speake where hast thou bin?

*Pip.* *Magister, quomodo vides?*

*Ami.* Is that *response* fitting my demande?

21. *Enter eris* you aske me where I haue bin, & I say,

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

*Quomodo vales*, as much to say, com out of the alehouse.

Ami. Vntrusse, vntrusse; nay helpe him, helpe him.

Pip. *Queso preceptor, queso*, for Gods sake doe not whip  
*Quid est gramatica?*

Ami. Not whip you, *Quid est gramatica*, what's that?

Pip. *Gramatica est*, that if I vntrusse, you must needs  
whip me vpon them: *Quid est gramatica?*

Ami. Why then, *dic mihi*, speak, where hast thou bin?

Pip. Forsooth my Mistris sent me of an errant, to fetch  
my M. from the Exchange, we had strangers at home at  
dinner, and but for the, I had not come *tarde, queso pre-*

Ami. Conster your lesson, persee it, *ad vnguem* (cepsor.  
*Et condemnato* too, Ile pardon thee.

Pip. That I wil M. and if youle giue me leane. (*expono.*

Am. *Propriam; maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas expone,*

Pi. Conster it master: I will, *Dicas* they say, *propria* the  
proper man, *que maribus* that loues mary-bones, *mascula*  
the mis-call'd me.

Ami. A prety, queint, and new construction.

Pipkin I warrant you master, if there be any mary-  
bones in my lesson, I am an old dog at them. How con-  
ster you this Master: *Rostra disertus amat?*

Am. *Disertus* a disard, *amat* doth loue, *rostra* rostimeat.

Pip. A good construction on an empty stomach: Ma-  
ster, now I haue consterd my lesson, my Mistris would  
pray you to let me come home, to go of an errand.

Ami. Your *tres sequuntur*, and away.

Pip. *Canis* a hog, *pauis* a dog, *porcus* a frog,  
*Abundum est mihi.* Makes a leg, and Exit.

Ami. Yours first too then, and *ad prandium.*

1 Boy *Apis* a bed, *genua* a knee, *Vulcanus* Doctor Deer  
*Viginti minus usus est mihi.*

Ami. By Iuno's lip, and Saturnus thutobe,

It was *bonus, bonus, bonus.*

*And the conceited Comedie.*

*a. Boy.* *Vitrum glasse, spica grasse, tu es Asinus,* you  
are an Ass, *Procer tibi felicem noctem.*

*Ami.* *Claudite iam libros pueri sat prate bibistis,*  
Looke when you come againe, you tell me *ubi fuistis.*  
He that minds trash trash, & will not haue care of his re-  
He I will belish lath and haue a sting at his podix. (*dix,*

*Enter young Arthur.*

*Yon. Ar.* A pretty wench, a passing pretty wench,  
A sweeter ducke all London cannot yeelde,  
She cast a glance on me as I pass'd by,  
Not *Hellen* had so rauishing an eye.  
Heere is the Pedant, Sir *Aminadab,*  
I will inquire of him, if he can tell  
By any circumstance, whose wife she is:  
Such fellows commonly haue entercourse  
Without suspicion, where we are debar'd.  
God saue you gentle Sir *Aminadab.*

*Ami.* *Salut tu quoq;* would you speake with me?  
You are I take it, and let me not lie,  
For as you know, *Mentiri nauis meum,*  
*Yong M. Arthur, quid vis,* what will you?

*Yon. Ar.* You are a man I much relie vpon:  
There is a pretty wench dwells in this streete,  
That keeps no shop, nor is not publike knowne:  
As the two postes, next turning of the lane,  
I saw her from a window looking out:  
O, could you tell me how to come acquainted  
With that sweet lasse, you should command me sit,  
Euen to the vtmost of my life and power.

*Ami.* *Dij hant hant,* 'tis my loue he meanes;  
But I will keepe it from this Gentleman,  
And so I hope make triall of my Loue.

*Yon. Ar.* If I obtaine her, thou shalt win thereby,  
More than at this time I will promise thee.

*Ami.*



*How to chooſe a good Wife from a bad.*

*Ami.* Quando venis apud, I ſhall haue two hornes on  
my Caput.

*Yon. Ar.* What if her husband come, & find one there?

*Ami.* Nunquam, time neuer feare:

She is vnmarried I ſweare,  
But if I helpe you to the deede,  
*Tu vis narrare*, how you ſpeede.

*Yon. Ar.* Tell how I ſpeede, I ſir, I will to you:  
Then preſently about it. Many thanks  
For this great kindneſſe, Sir *Aminadab*.

*Ami.* If my *Puella* proue a drab,  
He be reueng'd on both: *ambo* ſhall die,  
Shall die by what, for *ego* I,  
Haue neuer handled, I thanke God,  
Other weapon than a rod:  
I dare not fight for all my ſpeeches,  
*Sed caue*, if I take him thus,  
*Ego ſum expert*, at vntruſſe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Iuſtice Reaſon, *old* Arthur, *old* Luſam, *Miſtris*  
Arthur, *young* Luſam, and Hugh.

*Old Ar.* We Maſter *Iuſtice Reaſon*, come about  
A ſerious matter that concernes vs neare.

*Old Luſ.* I mary doth it ſir, concerne vs neare:  
Would God ſir, you would take ſome order for it.

*Old Ar.* Why looke ye M. *Luſam*, you are ſuch ano:  
You will be talking what concernes vs neare, (ther,  
And know not why we come to M. *Iuſtice*.

*Old Luſ.* How, know not I?

*Old Ar.* No ſir, not you.

*Old Luſ.* Wel, I know ſomewhat, though I know not  
Then on I pray you.

(that:

*Iuſt.* Forward I pray, yet the caſe is plaine.

*Old Ar.* Why ſir, as yet you doe not know the caſe.

*Old Lu.* Wel, he knows ſomewhat, forward M. *Arthur*.

D

*Old Ar.*



*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

*Old Ar.* And as I told you, my vnruely sonne,  
Once hauing bid his wife home to my house,  
There tooke occasion to be much agreeu'd,  
About some household matters of his owne,  
And in plaine termes, they fell in controuersie.

*Ol. Lu.* T'is true sir, I was there the selfe-same time,  
And I remember many of the words.

*Ol. Ar.* Lord what a man are you: you were not there  
That time, as I remember, you were rid  
Downe to the North, to see some friends of yours.

*Old Lu.* Well, I was some where, forward *M. Arthur.*

*Iust.* All this is well, no fault is to be found  
In either of the parties: pray say on.

*Old Ar.* Why sir, I haue not nam'd the parties yet,  
Nor tucht the fault that is complain'd vpon.

*Old Lu.* Wel, you tucht somewhat: forward *M. Arthur.*

*Old. Ar.* And as I said, they fell in controuersie:  
My sonne, not like a husband, gaue her words  
Of great reproofe, despight, and contumely,  
Which she, poore soule, digested patiently:

This was the first time of their falling out.  
As I remember, at the selfesame time,  
One *Thomas*, the Earle of *Surreys* Gentleman,  
Dined at my table.

*Old Lu.* O, I knew him well.

*Old Ar.* You are the strangest man, this Gentleman  
That I speake of, I am sure you neuer saw;  
He came but lately from beyond the sea.

*Old Lu.* I am sure I know one *Thomas*: forward sir.

*Iust.* And is this all? make me a *Mittimus*,  
And send the offender straitwaies to the gaile.

*Old Ar.* First know the offender, how began the strife  
Betwixt this Gentlewoman and my sonne:  
Since when sir he hath vsde her not like one

That

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

That should partake his bed, but like a slave,  
My comming was, that you being in office,  
And in authoritie, should call before you  
My vnthrif sonne, to giue him some aduise,  
Which he will take better from you, then me  
That am his Father. Heer's the gentlewoman  
Wife to my sonne, and daughter to this man,  
Whom I perforce compeld to liue with vs.

*Iust.* All this is wel, here is your sonne you say,  
But she that is his wife you cannot finde.

*Tong Lu.* You do mistake sir, heer's the gentlewoman,  
It is her husband that will not be found.

*Iust.* Well all is one, for man and wife are one,  
But is this all?

*Tong Lu.* I all that you can say,  
And much more then you can well put off.

*Iust.* Nay if the cause appeare thus euident,  
Giue me a cup of wine: what, man and wife  
To disagree, I prethee fill my cup:  
I could say somewhat, tut, tut, by this wine,  
I promise you, tis good Canary Sack.

*Mis. Ar.* Fathers you do me open violence  
To bring my name in question, and produce  
This gentleman and others here to witnesse  
My husbands shame in open audience:  
What may my husbaud thinke when he shall know  
I went vnto the Iustice to complaine:  
But M. Iustice here, more wise then you,  
Saies little to the matter, knowing well  
His office is no whit concern'd herein:  
Therefore with fauour I will take my leaue.

*Iust.* The woman saith but reason M. Arbur,  
And therefore giue her licence to depart.

*Old Lu.* Here is drie Iustice, not to bid vs drinke:

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

Harke thee my friend, I prethee lend thy cup:  
Now M. Iustice, heare me but one word,  
You thinke this woman hath had little wrong,  
But by this wine which I intend to drinke.

*Iust.* Nay saue your oath, I pray you doe not sweare,  
Or if you sweare, take not too deepe an oath.

*Old Lu.* Content you, I may take a lawfull oath  
Before a Iustice: therefore by this wine.

*You. Lu.* A profound oath, wel sworn, & deeply tooke,  
Tis better thus, then swearing on a booke.

*Ol. Lu.* My daughter hath bin wrongd exceedingly.

*Iust.* O sir, I would haue credited these words  
Without this oath: but bring your daughter hither,  
That I may giue her counsell ere you goe.

*Old Lu.* Mary Gods blessing on your hart for that,  
Daughter giue eare to Iustice *Reasons* wordes.

*Iust.* Good woman, or good wife, or Mistris, if you  
haue done amisse, it should seeme you haue done a fault:  
and making a fault, ther's no question but ye haue done  
amisse: but if you walk vprightly, & neither leade to the  
right hand nor the left, no question but ye haue neither  
led to the right hand nor the left, but as a man should say  
walked vprightly: but it should appeare by these plain-  
tiffes, that you haue had some wrong, if you loue your  
spouse intirely, it should seeme you affect him seruently,  
and if he hate you monstrously, it should seme he loathes  
you most exceedingly: and theres the point, at which  
I will leaue, for the time passes away: therefore to con-  
clude, this is my best counsell, looke that thy husband so  
fall in, that hereafter you neuer fall out.

*Old Lu.* Good counsell, passing good instruction,  
Follow it daughter. Now I promise you,  
I haue nor heard such an Oration

This many a day: what remains to doe?

*Young Lu.*

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

*Ton. Lu.* Sir, I was calld as witnesse to this matter,  
I may be gone for aught that I can see.

*Iust.* Nay staie my friend, we must examine you,  
What can you say concerning this debate  
Betwixt yong M. *Arthur* and his wife?

*Tong Lu.* Faith iust as much I thinke as you can say,  
And thats iust nothing.

*Iust.* How nothing? come depose him, take his oath,  
Swear him I say, take his confession.

*Old Ar.* What can you say sir in this doubtfull case?

*Tong Lu.* Why nothing sir.

*Iust.* We cannot take him in a contrary tale,  
For he saies nothing stil, and that same nothing  
Is that which we haue stood on all this while:  
He hath confest euen all, for all is nothing.  
This is your witnesse, he hath witnest nothing,  
Since nothing then so plainly is confest,  
And we by cunning answers and by wit  
Haue wrought him to confesse nothing to vs,  
Write his confession.

*Old Ar.* Why what should we write?

*Iust.* Why nothing: heard you not as wel as I  
What he confest? I say write nothing downe.  
Mistris we haue dismist you, loue your husband,  
Which whilst you do, you shal not hate your husband,  
Bring him before me, I will vrge him with  
This Gentlemans expresse confession  
Against you: send him to me, Ile not faile  
To keepe iust nothing in my memorie.  
And sir, now that we haue examined you,  
We likewise here discharge you with good leaue.  
Now M. *Arthur*, and M. *Iusan* too,  
Come in with me, vnlesse the man were here  
Whom most especially the cause concernes,

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

We cannot end this quarrell : but come neere,  
And we will taste a glasse of our March beere. (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter mistris Mary, Mistris Splay, and Brabo.*

*Ma.* I prethee tel me *Brabo*, what planet thinkst thou  
gouerned at my conception, that I liue thus openly to  
the world?

*Bra.* Two Planets rained at once: *Venus*, thats you,  
And *Mars* thats I, were in coniunction.

*Splay.* prethee, prethee, in faith that coniunction co-  
pulating, is that part of speech that I liue by.

*Bra.* Ha, ha to see the world, we swaggerers  
That liue by oathes and big-mouth'd menaces,  
Are now reputed for the tallest men:

He that hath now a black muchato  
Reaching from eare to eare, or turning vp  
*Puncto reuerso*, bristling towards the eye:

He that can hang two handsom tools at his side,  
Go in disguise attire, weare Iron enough,  
Is held a tall man and a souldier.

He that with greatest grace can sweare gogs zounds,  
Or in a Tauarne make a drunken fray,  
Can cheate at dice, swagger in bawdie howses,  
Were veluet on his face, and with a grace  
Can face it out with, as I am a souldier:

He that can clap his sword vpon the boord  
Hee's a braue man, and such a man am I.

*Ma.* She that with kisses can both kil & cure,  
That liues by loue, that sweares by nothing else  
But by a kisse, which is no common oath:  
That liues by lying, and yet oft tels truth,  
That takes most pleasure when she takes most paines:  
Shee's a good wench my boy, and such am I.

*Splay.* She that is past it, and praies for them that may.

*Bra.* Is an old Bawd as you are Mistris *Splay*.

*Splay.*

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

*Splay* O do not name that name, do you not know,  
That I could neuer indure to heare that name:  
But if your man would leaue vs, I would reade  
The lesson that last night I promis'd you.

*Ma.* I prethee leaue vs, we would be alone.

*Bra.* And will, and must: if you bid me be gone,  
I will withdraw, and draw on any he,  
That in the worlds wide round dare cope with me,  
Mist'is farewell, to none I neuer spake  
So kinde a word: My salutations are,  
Farewell and be hang'd, or in the diuells name:  
What they haue bin, my many fraies can tell,  
You cannot fight, therefore to you farewell. *Exit.* (tion,

*Ma.* O, this same swaggerer is the bulwark of my reputa-  
But Mist. *Splay*, now to your lecture that you promis'd

*Splay* Daughter attend, for I will tell thee now, (me.  
What in my young daies, I my selfe haue tride,  
Berul'd by me, and I will make thee rich.  
You, God be prais'd, are faire, and as they say,  
Full of good parts: you haue beene often tride,  
To be a woman of good carriage,  
Which in my minde, is very commendable.

*Ma.* It is indeede: forward good mother *Splay*.

*Splay* And as I told you, being faire, I wish  
Sweete daughter, you were as fortunate:  
When any futer comes to aske thy loue,  
Looke not into his words, but into his sleeue:  
If thou canst learne what language his purse speakes,  
Be rul'd by that, that's golden eloquence.  
Mony can make a flauering tongue speake plaine:  
If he that loues thee, be deform'd and rich,  
Accept his loue, gold hides deformity:  
Gold can make limping *Volcan* walke vpright,  
Make squint eyes look strait, a crab'd face look smooth,  
Guilds

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

Guilds, copper noses, makes them looke like gold:  
Fills ages wrinkles vp, and makes a face  
As old as *Nesters* looke as young as *Cupids*.  
If thou wilt arme thy selfe against all shifts,  
Regard all men according to their gifts.  
This if thou practise, thou, when I am dead,  
Wilt say, old mother *Splay* soft laid thy head.

*Enter young Arthur.*

*Ma.* Soft, who comes here: be gone good mistris *Splay*,  
Of thy rules practise, this is my first day.

*Splay.* God for thy passion, what a beast am I,  
To scare the bird that to the net would flie! *Exit.*

*Yon. Ar.* By your leaue Mistris.

*Ma.* What to doe Master?

*Yong Ar.* To giue me leaue to loue you.

*Ma.* I had rather afford you some loue to leaue me.

*Yong Ar.* I would you would as soone loue me, as I

*Ma.* I pray you what are you sir? (could leaue you.

*Yong Ar.* A man Ile assure you.

*Ma.* How should I know that?

*Yong Ar.* Try me by my word, for I say I am a man,  
Or by my deede, Ile proue my selfe a man.

*Ma.* Are you not Master *Arthwr*?

*Yong Ar.* Not *Ma. Arthwr*, but *Arthur*, and your ser-  
uant sweete Mistris *Mary*.

*Mar.* Not Mistris *Mary*, but *Mary*, and your hand-  
maid, sweete Master *Arthwr*.

*Yong Ar.* That I loue you, let my face tell you: that  
I loue you more than ordinary, let this kisse testifie: and  
that I loue you seruently and entirely, aske this gift, and  
see what it will answer you: my selfe, my purse, and all  
being wholly at your seruice.

*Ma.* That I take your loue in good part, my thanks  
shal speake for me: that I am pleas'd with your kisse, this  
interest



*how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.*

interest of another shall certifie you : and that I accept  
your gift, my prostrate seruice and self shal witnes with  
me. My loue, my lips, and sweet self, are at your seruice:  
wilt please you to come neare sir?

*Yon. Lu.* O that my wife were dead, here wold I make  
My second choise, would she were buried,  
From out her graue this Marigold should grow,  
Which in my nuptials I would weare with pride.  
Die shall she, I haue doom'd her destinie.

*Ma.* Tis newes M. Arthur to see you in such a  
How doth your wife? (place,

*Yong Ar.* Faith Mistris Mary at the point of death,  
And long she cannot liue, she shall not liue  
To trouble me in this my second choise.

*Enter Aminadab with a bill and head-peece.*

*Ma.* I pray forbear sir, for here comes my Loue,  
Good sir for this time leaue me : by this kisse  
You cannot aske the question at my hands  
I will denie you : pray you get you gone.

*Yong Ar.* Farewell sweet Mistris Mary. *Exit.*

*Ma.* Sweet, adieu.

*Ami.* Stand to me bill, and head-peece, sit thou close,  
I heare my loue, my wench, my ducke, my deare  
Is sought by many suters, but with this  
He keepe the doore, and enter he that dare.  
*Virga* be gone, thy twigs He turne to Steele,  
These fingers that were expert in the jerke,  
In steed of lashing of the trembling *pades*,  
Must learne pash and knocke, and beate and mall,  
Cleaupe parts, and *apoynt* he that enters here  
Comes on his death, *mors mortis*, he shall taste.

*Ma.* Alas poore foole, the Pedant's mad for loue,  
Thinks me more mad that I would marry him :  
Hee's come to watch me with a rustie bill,

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

To keepe my friends away by force of armes,  
I will not see him but stand still aside,  
And heere obserue him what he meanes to doo.

*Ami.* O *utinam*, that he that loues her best  
Durst offer but to tuch her in this place.

*Per Iehoua, & Iunonem; hoc*

Shall pash his Coxcombe such a knocke,  
As that his soule his course shall take  
To Limbo, and Auernius lake.

In vaine I watch in this darke hole,  
Would any living durst my manhood trie,  
And offer to come vp the staires this way.

*Ma.* O we should see you make a goodly fray.

*Ami.* The wench I here watch with my bill,

*Amo, amas, amari* still.

*Qui audet*, let him come that dare,  
Death, hell, and Limbo be his share.

*Enter Brabo.*

*Bra.* Where's Mistress Mary, neuer a post here,  
A bat of iron gainst which to trie my sword  
Now by my beard a daintie peece of Steele.

*Ami.* O *lene*, what a qualme is this I feele

*Bra.* Come hither Mall, is none here but we two:  
When didst thou see the Starueling School-master?  
That rat, that shrimp, that spindle shanke, that wren, that  
sheep-biter, that leane chitface, that famine, that leane  
enuy, that all bones, that bare anatomy, that lack a lent,  
that ghost, that shadow, that Moone in the wane.

*Ami.* I waile in wo, I plunge in paine.

*Bra.* When next I find him here He hang him vp  
Like a dried Sawfage, in the chimnies top:  
That Stock-fish, that poore Iohn, that gut of men.

*Ami.* O that I were at home againe.

*Bra.* When he comes next, turne him into the streets,  
Now

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

Now come, lets dance the shaking of the sheets. *Ex.*

*Am. Qui, que, quod:* hence boistrous bil, come gentle  
Had not grim Malkin stamp and starde, had I (rod,  
Aminadab had little carde:

Or if instead of this browne bill,  
I had kept my mistris *Virga* still,

And he vpon anothers backe,  
His poynts vntrussit, his breeches slacke:

My countenance he should not dash,  
For I am expert in the lash.

But my sweete Lasse, my loue doth flie,  
Which shall make me by poyson die.

*Per fidem*, I will rid my life,  
Either by poyson, sword, or knife. *Exit.*

*Enter mistris Arthur, and Pipkin.*

*Mis. Ar.* Sirra, when saw you your Maister?

*Pip.* Faith Mistris, when I last lookt vpon him.

*Mis. Ar.* And when was that?

*Pip.* When I beheld him.

*Mis. Ar.* And when was that?

*Pip.* Mary when he was in my fight, & that was yesterday, since when I sawe him not, nor look'd on him, nor beheld him, nor had any sight of him.

*Mis. Ar.* Was he not at my father in lawes?

*Pip.* Yes mary was he.

*Mis. Ar.* Didst thou not intreat him to come home.

*Pi.* How should I mistris, he came not there to day.

*Mis. Ar.* Didst thou not say he was there? (when

*Pip.* True mistris, hee was there, but I tolde you not  
He hath bin there diuerse times, but not of late.

*Mis. Ar.* About your busines, here Ile sit and wait  
His comming home, though it be ne're so late.

Now once againe goe looke him at the Change,  
Or at the Church with sir Aminadab,

*A pleasant corrected Comedie*

Tis told me they vse often conference:

When that is done, get you to Schoole againe.

*Pip.* I had rather play the trewant at home, than goe  
seeke my M. at Schoole: let me see, what age am I, some  
foure and twenty, and how haue I profited: I was fife  
yeere learning cris crosse from great *A*, and fife yeere  
longer comming to *F*: there I sticke some three yeere  
before I could come to *Q*: and so in procelle of time I  
came to *e* per se *e*, and con per se, and tittle: then I got  
to *a, e, i, o, u*: after, to Our Father: and in the sixteenth  
yeere of my age, and fifteenth of my going to schoole,  
I am (in good time) gotten to a Nowne, by the same  
roken there my hole went downe: then I got to a verb,  
there I began first to haue a beard: then I came to *ista, i*  
*sta, istud*, there my Maister whipt mee till hee fetcht the  
bloud, &c. so that now I am become the greatest scho-  
ler in the schoole: for I am bigger then two or three of  
them. But I am gone, farewell Mistris. *Exit.*

*Enter Anselme and Foller.*

*Fol.* Loue none at all, they wil forswear themselves,  
And when you vexe them with it, their replies  
Are, that ~~the~~ Laughes at Louers perjuries.

*Ans.* You told me of a yeast concerning that,  
Prethee let me heare it.

*Fol.* That thou shalt.  
My mistris in an humor had protested,  
That aboue all the world shorlde she lou'd me best,  
Saying, with sisters she was oft molested,  
And she had lodg'd her heart within my breast:  
And sware (but me) both by her maske and fan,  
She neuer would so much as name a man.  
Not name a man quoth I: yet be aduise,  
Not loue a man but me; let it be so:  
You shal not think, quoth she, my thoughts disguise,

In

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

In flattering language, or dissembling shew;  
I say againe, and I know what I doe,  
I will not name a man aliue but you.  
Into hir house I came arvnaware,  
Her backe was to me, and I was not seene,  
I stole behind her til I had her faire,  
Then with my hands I closed both her eies:  
Shee blinded thus, beginneth to be thinke her,  
Which of her Loues it was that did hood-winke her,  
First she begins to guesse and name a man  
That I well knew, but she had knowne faire better.  
The next I neuer did suspect till than:  
Still of my name I could not heare a letter.  
Then mad, she did name *Robin*, and then *James*,  
Till she had reckned vp some twentie names.  
At length, when she had counted vp her score,  
As one among the rest she hit on me:  
I askt her if she could not reckon more,  
And pluckt away my hands to let her see.  
But when she lookt backe, and saw me behind her,  
She blusht, and askt if it were I did blinde her.  
And since I sware both by her maske and fanne,  
To trust no she tongue, that can name a man.

*Ans.* Your great oath hath some exceptions:  
But to our former purpose, yon is mistris *Arbur*,  
We will attempt another kind of wooing,  
And make her hate her husband if we can.

*Ful.* But not a word of passion or of loue.  
Haue at her now to trie her patience,  
God saue you mistris.

*Mi. Ar.* You are welcome sir.

*Ful.* Where's your husband I pray?

*Tong Ar.* Not within.

*Ans.* Who *M. Arbur*? him I sawe euen now

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

At mistris *Maries* the braue Curtizans,

*Mis. Ar.* Wrong not my husbands reputation so,  
I neither can nor will belecue you sir.

*Ful.* Poore Gentlewoman, how much I pity you,  
Your husband is become her only guest:  
He lodges there, and daily diets there,  
He riots, reuels, and doth all things,  
Nay, he is held the maister of mil-rule,  
Mongst a most loathed and abhorred crew,  
And can you, being a woman, suffer this?

*Mis. Ar.* Sir, sir, I vnderstand you well enough,  
Admir my husband doth frequent that house  
Of such dishonest vsage, I suppose  
He doth it but in zeale to bring them home  
By his good counsell, from that course of sinne.  
And like a Christian, seeing them astray  
In the broad path that to damnation leades,  
He vseth thither to direct their feete,  
Into the narrow way that guides to heauen.

*Ans.* Was euer woman gulld so palpably?  
But mistris *Arthur*, thinke you as you say?

*Mis. Ar.* Sir, what I think, I think, and what I say,  
I would I could enioyne you to belecue.

*Ans.* Faith mistris *Arthur*, I am sory for you,  
And in good sooth, I wish it lay in me  
To remedy the least part of these wrongs  
Your vnkind husband daily profers you.

*Mis. Ar.* You are deceiud, he is not vnkinde,  
Although he beare an outward face of hate,  
His hart and soule are both assured mine.

*Ans.* Fie mistris *Arthur*, take a better spirit,  
Be not so timorous to rehearse your wrongs,  
I say your husband haunts bad company,  
Swaggerers, cheaters, wanton curtizans.

There



*how to chooſe a good Wiſe from a bad.*

There he deſiles his body, ſtaines his ſoule,  
Consumes his wealth, vndoes himſelfe and you,  
In danger of diſeaſes, whoſe vilde names,  
Are not for any honeſt mouthes to ſpeake,  
Nor any chaſte eares to receiue and heare:  
O, he will bring that face admir'd for beauty,  
To be more loathed than a leprouſſkin:  
Diuerce your ſelfe now whilt the clowds grow black,  
Prepare your ſelfe a ſhelter for the ſtorme,  
Abandon his moſt loathed fellowſhip:

You are young Miſtris, will you looſe your youth?

*Mi. Ar.* Tempt no more diuell, thy deformity  
Hath chang'd it ſelfe into an Angells ſhape,  
But yet I know thee by thy courſe of ſpeech:  
Thou gets an apple to betray poore *Eue*,  
Whoſe out-ſide beares a ſhew of pleaſant fruit,  
But the vilde branch, on which this apple grew,  
Was that which drew poore *Eue* from Paradiſe.  
Thy Syrens ſong could make me drowne my ſelfe,  
But I am tied vnto the maſte of truth.  
Admit my husband be inclin'd to vice,  
My vertues may in time recall him home:  
But if we both ſhould deſp'rate runne to finne,  
We ſhould abide certaine deſtruction.  
But hee's like one, that ouer a ſweete face,  
Puts a deformed vizard; for his ſoule  
Is free from any ſuch intents of ill;  
Onely to try my patience, he puts on  
An vgly ſhape of blacke intemperance.  
Therefore, this blot of ſhame which he now weares,  
I with my prayers will purge, waſh with teares.

*Anſ. Fuller.*

*Ful. Anſelme*

*Anſ.*

*A pleasant conceited Comedie.*

*Ans.* How lik'st thou this?

*Ful.* As scoole-boyes jerkes, Apes whips, as Lions  
As Furies do fasting daies, and diuels crosses, (cocks  
As maides to haue their marriage daies put off:  
I like it as the thing I most do loath,  
What wilt thou do? for shame persist no more  
In this extremitie of frivulous loue.  
I see my doctrine moues no precise eares,  
But such as are profest *inamoratos*.

*Ans.* O I shall die.

*Ful.* Tush, liue to laugh a little,  
Here's the best subiect that thy loue affords,  
Listen a while and heare this: ho boy, speake.

*Ami.* As *in presenti*, thou loath'st the gift I sent thee,  
*Nolo plus tarric* but die, for the beauteous Mary, (by?  
Fain would I die by a sword, but what sword shal I die  
Or by a stone, what stone? *nullus lapis iacet ibi.* (vaines,  
Knife I haue none to sheeth in my brest, or empty my ful  
Here is no wall or post that I can soile with my brus'd  
braines.

First wil I therefore say 2. or 3. Creeds and Aue-maries,  
And after go buy a poyson at the Apothecaries.

*Ful.* I pray thee Anselme, but obserue this fellow,  
Doe'st not heare him? he would die for loue:  
That mis-shap't loue thou wouldst condemne in him,  
I see in thee, I prethee note him well.

*Ans.* Were I assur'd that I were such a Loner,  
I should be with my selfe quite out of loue:  
I prethee lets perswade him still to liue.

*Ful.* That were a dangerous case, perhaps the fellow  
In desperation would to sooth vs vp,  
Promise repentant recantation,  
And after fall into that desperate course,  
Both which I will preuent with policie.

*Ami.*

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

*Am.* O death, com with thy dart, com death whe I bid  
*Mori veni mori*, & from this misery rid me: (thee,  
she whom I lou'd, whom I lou'd, eu'n she my sweet pre-  
Doth but flout, & mock, & iest, & dissimulary. (ty *Mary*

*Ful.* Ile fit him finely: in this paper is  
The iuyce of mandrake, by a Doctor made,  
To cast a man, whose leg should be cut off,  
Into a deepe, a colde, and sencelesse sleepe,  
Of such approoued operation,  
That who so takes it, is for twice twelue houres  
Breathlesse, and to all mens iudgements, past all sence:  
This will I giue the pedant, but in sport,  
For when t is knowne to take effect in him,  
The world will but esteeme it as a iest:  
Besides, it may be a meanes to saue his life;  
For being perfect poison, as it seemes,  
His meaning is, some couetous slaue for coine,  
Will sell it him, though it be held by law,  
To be no better than flat felony.

*Ans.* Vphold the iest, but he hath spied vs, peace.

*Ami.* Gentiles, God saue you,  
Here is a man I haue noted oft, most learnd in phisicke,  
One man he helpt of the cogh, another he heald of the  
And I wil boord him thus: *Salue, & salue magister.* (tisick:

*Ful.* *Gratus mihi aduenis quid mecum vis?*

*Ami.* *Optatum venis, paucus te volo.*

*Ful.* *Si quid industria nostra tibi facias, dic queso.*

*Ami.* Attend me fir, I haue a simple houle:

But as the learned *Diogenes* saith,  
In his Epistle to *Tertullian*;  
It is extreamely troubled with great rattes,  
I haue no mus püsse, nor grey eyde can,  
To hunt them out: O, could your learned Art  
Shew me a meanes how I might poison them:

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

*Tunc dum suus*, sir Aminadab.

*Ful.* With all my heart, I am no Rat-catcher,  
But if you need a poyson, here is that  
Will pepper both your dogs and rats and cats :  
Nay spare your purse, I giue this in good will,  
And as it proues I pray you send to me,  
And let me know, would you aught else with me ?  
*Ami. Minime quidem*, heres that you say wil take them:  
A thousand thanks sweet sir, I say to you  
As Tully in his *Aesops Fables* said,  
*Ago tibi gratias*, so farewell, *vale.*

*Exit.*

*Ful.* Adiew. Come let vs goe, I long to see  
What the euent of this new iest will bee.

*Enter Yong Arthur.*

*Yong Ar.* Good morrow Gentlemen, saw you not this  
As you were walking, Sir Aminadab ?

(way

*An.* M. Arthur, as I take it.

*Yong Ar.* Sir, the same.

*Ans.* Sir I desire you more familiar loue,  
Would I could bid my selfe vnto your house,  
For I haue wisht for your acquaintance long.

*Yong Ar.* Sweet M. Anselme I desire yours too :  
Will you come dine with me to morrow,  
You shall be welcome I assure you sir.

*Ans.* I feare sir I shall proue too hold a guest.

*Yong Ar.* You shal be welcome if you bring your frend.

*Ful.* O Lord sir, we shall be too troublesome.

*Yong Ar.* Nay, now I wil inforce a promise from you,  
Shall I expect you ?

*Ful.* Yes with all my heart.

*Ans.* A thousand thanks. Yonders the schoolmaister.  
So till to morrow twentie times farewell.

*Yong Ar.* I double all your farewels twentie fold.

*Ans.* O this acquaintance was well scrapte of me,

By

*how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.*

By this my loue to morrow I shall see.

*Exit.*

*Ami.* This poyson shall by force expell,  
*Amorem* loue, *infernum* hell.

*Per hoc venenum ego I,*

For my sweet louely Lasse will die.

*Yon. Ar.* What do I heare of poyson, which sweet  
Must make me a braue frolick widower? (*meanes*)  
It seemes the doting foole being forlorne  
Hath got some compound mixture, in dispaire  
To end his desperate fortunes and his life:  
Ile get it from him, and with this make way  
To my wiues night, and to my Loues faire day.

*Ami.* In *nomine domine*, friends farewell:  
I know death comes heres such a sinell.

*Pater & Mater*, father and mother,

*Frater & soror*, sister and brother,

And my sweet Mary, not these drugges,

Doe send me to the Infernall bugges,

But thy vnkindnesse: so adieu,

Hob-goblins now I come to you.

*Yong Ar.* Hold man, I say, what wil the mad man do?

I haue I got thee! thou shalt go with me:

No more of that, fie Sir Minadab,

Destroy your selfe: If I but heare hereafter

You practise such reuenge vpon your selfe,

All your friends shall know that for a wench,

A paltry wench, you would haue kild your selfe.

*Ami.* O *tace queso*, do not name

This franticke deed of mine for shame:

My sweet *magister*, not a word,

Ile neither drowne me in a foord,

Nor giue my necke such a scope,

To imbrace it with a hempen rope:

Ile die no way till nature will me,

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

And death come with his dart and kill me:  
If what is past, you will conceale;  
And nothing to the world reueale,  
Nay as *Quintillian* said of yore,  
Ile striue to kill my selfe no more.

*Tong Ar.* On that condition Ile conceale this deede:  
To morrow pray come and dine with me,  
For I haue many strangers mongst the rest,  
Some are desirous of your company,  
You will not faile me?

*Ami.* No in sooth, Ile try the sharpnesse of my tooth,  
In stead of poison, I will eate  
Rabbets, capons, and such meate:  
And so, as *Pythagoras* saies,  
With wholesome fare prolong my daies.  
But Sir, will Mistris *Mall* be there?

*Tong Ar.* Shee shall, she shall man, neuer feare.

*Ami.* Then my spirit becomes stronger,  
And I will liue and stretch longer:  
For *Ouid* said, and did not lie,  
That poysoned men doe often die.  
But poyson henceforth Ile not eate,  
Whilst I can other victualls get:  
To morow if you make a feast,  
Be sure sir I will be your guest.  
But keepe my counsell, *Palestus*,  
And til to morow siradien:  
At your table I will proue  
If I can eate away my loue.

*Exit.*

*Tong. Ar.* O I am glad I haue thee, now deuise  
A way how to bestow it cunningly:  
It shall be thus: to morow Ile pretend  
A reconcilment twixt my wife and me,  
And to that end I will inuite thus many:



*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

First Iustice *Reason*, as the chiefe man there.  
My father Arthur, old Lufam, yong Lufam, M. Fulley,  
And M. Anselme I haue bid alreadye.  
Then will I haue my loue Mary too,  
Be it but to spite my wife before she die:  
For die she shall before to morrow night.  
The operation of this poison is,  
Not suddenly to kill, they that take it  
Fall in a sleepe, and then us paff recture,  
And this will I put in her Cup to morrow.

*Enter Pipkin running.*

*Pip.* This tis to haue such a Maister, I haue sought him  
at the Change, at the Schoole, at euery place, but I can  
not find him no where. O cry mercy, my mistris would  
intreat you to come home.

*Yong Ar.* I cannot come to night, some vrgent busines  
Will all this night imploy me otherwise.

*Pip.* I belecue my Mistresse would kon you as much  
thanke to do that businesse at home as abroad.

*Yong Ar.* Here take my purse, and bid my wife prouide  
Good cheere against to morrow, there will be  
two or three strangers of my late acquaintance.  
*Sirra*, go you to Iustice *Reasons* house,  
Inuite him first with all solemnitie,  
Go to my Fathers, and my Father in lawes,  
Here take this note.

The rest that come I will inuite my selfe,  
About it with what quick dispatch thou canst.

*Pip.* I warrant you Maister Ile dispatch this businesse  
with more honestie, then youle dispatch yours. But Ma-  
ster, will the gentlewoman be there?

*Yong Ar.* What gentlewoman?

*Pip.* The gentlewoman of the old house, that is as wel  
knowne by the color shee laies of her cheeks, as an Ale-

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

house by the painting is laid of his lettrice: she that is like  
*Homo*, Common to all men: she that is beholding to no  
Trade, but liues of her selfe.

*yon. Ar.* Sirra be gone, or I will send you hence.

*Pip.* Ile go, but by this hand Ile tell my mistris as soon  
as I come home, that mistris light-heeles comes to din-  
ner to morrow.

*yon. Ar.* Sweet mistris *Mary* Ile inuite my selfe:  
And there Ile frolicke, sup, and spend the night.  
My plot is currant, here tis in mine hand  
Will make me happie in my second choice,  
And I may freely chalenge as mine owne,  
What I am now infore'd to seeke by stealth.  
Loue is not much vnlike Ambition,  
For in them both al lets must be remoued:  
Twixt euery Crowne and him that would aspire,  
And he that will attempt to winne the same,  
Must plunge vp to the depth o're head and cares,  
And hazard drowning in that purple sea.  
So he that loues, must needs through blood and fire,  
And do all things to compasse his desire.

*Enter Mistris Arthur, and her Maid.*

*Mi. Ar.* Come, spread the Table: is the hall well rub'd,  
The cushions in the windowes neatly laid,  
The Cupboord of plate set out, the Casements sticke  
With Rosemary and flowers, the Carpets brusht?

*Maid.* I forsooth Mistris.

*Mi.* Looke to the kitchen Maid, and bid the Cooke  
take down the Ouen stone, the Pies be burnt: here, take  
my keies and giue him out more spice.

*Maid.* Yes forsooth Mistris.

(cloth

*Mi. Ar.* Where's that knaue Pipkin, bid him spread the  
Fetch the cleane Diaper napkins from my chest,  
Set out the guilded salt, and bid the fellow

Make

*how to chosoe a good Wife from a bad.*

Make himselfe hanfome, get him a cleane band.

*Maid.* Indeed forsooke Mistris he is such a slouen  
Thar nothing will sit hanfome about him,  
He had a pound of Sope to scowre his face,  
And yet his brow looks like a Chimney stocke.

*Mi. Ar.* Heele be a slouen still: Maid take this Apron,  
And bring me one of Linnen, quickly Maid.

*Maid.* I goe forsooth.

*Exit Maid.*

*Mis. Ar.* There was a curtsie, let me see't againe.  
I, that was well, I feare my guests will come  
Ere we be readie, what a spight is this.

*Within. Mistrisse.*

*Mi. Ar.* What's the matter.

*Within.* Mistris I pray take Pipkin from the fire,  
We cannot keepe his fingers from the rost.

*Mi. Ar.* Bid him come hither, what a knaue is that?  
Fie, fie, neuer out of the kitchin,  
Still broyling by the fire.

*Enter Pipkin.*

*Pip.* I hope you will not take Pipkin from the fire  
Till the broath be inough.

*Enter maid with an Apron.*

*Mi. Ar.* Well sirra, get a napkin and a Trencher,  
And wait to day. So, let me see my Apron.

*Pip.* Mistris I can tell you one thing, my M. wench  
Will come home to day to dinner.

*Enter Iustice Reason, and his man.*

*Mis. Ar.* She shall be welcome if she be his guest.  
But heer's some of our guests are come alreadie,  
A Chaire for Iustice Reason, sirra. *(huswife,*

*In.* Good morrow Mistris Arthur, you are like a good  
At your request I am come home: what a Chaire!  
Thus age seekes ease: where is your husband Mistris?  
What, a cushin too!

*Pip.*

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

*Pip.* I pray you ease your taile Sir.

*Inst.* Mary and will good fellow, twentic thanks.

*Pip.* M. *Hue* as welcom as hart can tel, or tong can think.

*Hu.* I thank you M. *Pipkin*, I haue got many a god dish of broth by your means.

*Pip.* According to the auntient eurtetic, you are welcome: according to the time and place, you are hartily welcom: when they are busied at the boord, we wil find our selues busied in the Buttrie: and so sweet *Hugh* according to our schollers phrased, *Gratular aduentum tuum*.

*Hu.* I wil answer you with the like, sweet *Pipkin*, *gratias*.

*Pip.* As much grace as you wil, but as little of it as you can good *Hugh*. But heere comes more guests.

*Enter Old Arthure, and Old Lufam.*

*Mis. Ar.* More stools & cushins for these gentlemen.

*Old Ar.* What M. Iustice *Reason*, are you heere: Who wold haue thoght to haue met you in this place?

*Old Lu.* What say mine eies, is Iustice *Reason* here? Mountaines may meete and so I see may wee.

*Inst.* Wel, when men meete they meete, And when they part, they oft leaue on anothers compa. So we being met, are met. (ny:

*Old Lu.* Truly you say true: And M. Iustice *Reason* speakes but reason. To heare how wisely men of lawe will speake.

*Enter Anselme and Fuller.*

*Anf.* Good morrow gentlemen.

*Mis. Ar.* What are you therer

*An.* Good morrow Mistris, and good morow all.

*Inst.* If I may be so bold in a strange place, I say good morrow, and as much to you.

I pray gentlemen will you sit downe?

We haue bene yong like you, and if you liue Vnto our age, you will be old like vs.

*Ful.*

*how to choofe a good Wife from a bad,*

*Ful.* Be rulde by reason: but who's heere?

*Enter Aminadab.*

*Amin.* Salute omnes, and good day

To all at once, as I may say:

First Master *Iustice*, next, old *Arthur*,

That giues me pension by the quarter,

To my good Mistris and the rest,

That are the founders of this feast.

In bricfe, I speake to omnes all,

That to their meate intend to fall.

*Iust.* Welcome sir *Aminadab*, O my sonne

Hath profited exceeding well with you,

Sit downe, sit downe by Mistris *Arthurs* leane.

*Enter young Arthur, young Lusam, and*

*Mistris Marie.*

*Yong Ar.* Gentlemen, welcome all, whilst I deliuer

Their priuate welcomes, wife, be it your charge,

To giue this Gentlewoman entertainment.

*Mis. Ar.* Husband, I will. O this is she vsurpes

The precious interest of my husbands loue:

Though as I am a woman, I could well

Thrust such a lewd companion out of doores:

Yet, as I am a true obedient wife,

Ide kisse her feete, to doe my husbands will.

You are intirely welcome Gentlewoman,

Indeede you are, pray do not doubt of it. (nestie,

*Ma:* I thank you Mistris *Arthur*: now by my little ho-

It much repents me to wrong so chaste a woman.

*Yong Ar.* Gentiles, put ore your legs: first, M. *Iustice*,

Heere you shall sit.

*Iust.* And heere shall Mistris *Arthur* sit by me.

*Yong Ar.* Pardon me sir, she shall haue my wifes place.

*Mis. Ar.* Indeede you shall, for he will haue it so.

*Mary* If you will needs, but I shall doe you wrong to  
take your place.

G

old Ln.

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

*Old Lu.* I by my faith you should.

*Mis. Ar.* That is no wrong which wee impute no

I pray you sit.

*young Ar.* Gentlemen all, I pray you seat your selues:  
What sir Aminadab, I know where your heart is.

*Amin:* Mum, not a word, *Pax vobis*, peace:  
Come Gentiles, Ile be of this messe.

*young Ar:* So, who giues thanks?

*Amin:* Sir, that will I.

*young Ar.* I pray you to it by and by, wheres *Pipkin?*  
Wait at the boord; let Maister *Reasons* man.

Be had into the buttry; but first giue him  
A napkin and a trencher. Well said *Hugh*,

Wait at your Maisters elbowe: Now say grace.

*Amin:* *Gloria Deo*, sirs, *Proface*.

Attend me now whilst I say grace.

For bread and salt, for grapes and malt,

For flesh and fish, and euery dish:

Mutton and beefe, of all meates chiefe:

For cow-heeles, chitterlings, tripes and sowse,

And other meate thats in the house:

For rackes, for breasts, for legges, for loines,

For pies with raisins, and with proines:

For fritters, pancakes, and for frayes,

For venison pasties and mincde pies:

Sheeps-head and garlicke, brawne and mustard,

Wafers, spiced cakes, tarte and custard:

For capons, rabbits, pigges and geese,

For apples, carrawaies, and cheele:

For all these and many moe,

*Benedicamus Domino.*

All Amen.

*Iustice* I kon you thanks, but sir Aminadab,

Is that your Scholler? Now I promise you



*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

He is a toward stripling of his age.

*Pip.* Who I forsooth, yes indeed forsooth I am his scholar, I would you should wel think I haue profited vnder him too, you shall heare if he will pose me.

*Old Ar.* I pray you lets heare him.

*Ami.* Huc ades Pypkyn.

*Adsum.*

*Ami.* *Quot Casus sunt?* how many Cases are there?

*Pip.* Mary a great many.

*Ami.* Well answerd, a great many, there are sixe,  
Sixe a great many, tis well answered,  
And which be they?

*Pip.* A Bow-case, a Cap-case, a Combe-case a Lute-case, a Field-case, and a Candle-case.

*Iust.* I know them all, againe well answered:  
Pray God my yongest boy, profit no worse.

*An.* Howe many parsons are there?

*Pipkin.* Ile tell you as many as I know, if youle giue me leaue to reckon them.

*Anselme.* I prethee doe.

*Pip.* The Parson of *Fanchurch*, the Parson of *Pancridge*, and the Parson of.

*Yong Ar.* Wel sir, about your businesse: now will I Temper the Cup my loathed wife shall drinke *Exit*

*Old Ar.* Daughter me thinkes you are exceeding sad.

*Old Luf.* Faith daughter so thou art exceeding sad:

*Mi: Ar.* Tis but my countenance, for my hart is mery:  
Mistris, were you as merie as you are welcome,  
You should not sit so sadlie as you do.

*Ma:* Tis but because I am seated in your place,  
Which is frequented seldome with true mirth.

*Mis: Ar.* The fault is neither in the place nor me.

*Ami.* How say you Ladie to him you last did lie by?  
All this is no more *prohibo tibi.*

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

*Mary* I thanke you sir: *Mistris*, this draught shall be  
To him that loues both you and me.

*Mist. Ar.* I know your meaning.

*Ans.* Now to mee:

If you haue either loue or charitie.

*Mist. Ar.* Here *M. Iustice*, this to your graue yeares,  
A mournfull draught God wot, halfe wine, halfe teares.

*Iust.* Let come my wench: heere yongsters, to you all,  
You are silent, heere's that will make you talke.

Wenches, me thinks you sit like Puritans,  
Neuer a iest abroad to make them laugh:

*Ful.* Sir, since you moue speech of a Puritan,  
If you will giue me audience, I will tell yee  
As good a iest as euer ye did heare.

*Old Ar.* A iest, that's excellent.

*Iust.* Before hand let's prepare our selues to laugh,  
A iest is nothing if it be not grac'd:  
Now, now, I pray you when begins this iest?

*Ful.* I came vnto a Puritan to wooe her,  
And roughly did salute her with a kisser  
Away quoth she, and rudely pusht me fro her,  
Brother, by yea and nay I like not this:  
And still with amorous talke she was saluted,  
My artlesse speech with Scripture was confuted.

*Old Lu.* Good, good indeed, the best that ere I heard.

*Old Ar.* I promise you it was exceeding good.

*Ful.* Ofr I frequented her abroad by night,  
And courted her, and spake her wondrous faire,  
But euer somewhat did offend her sight,  
Either my double ruffe, or my long haire,  
My skarfe was vain, my garments hung too low,  
My Spanish shooe was cut too broad at toe.

*All* Ha, ha, the best that euer I heard.

*Ful.* I parted for that time, and came againe,

Seeming

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

Seeming to be conform'd in looke and speech,  
My shooes were sharp toed, and my band was plaine;  
Close to my thigh my metamorphoside breech,  
My cloake was narrow capde, my haire cut shorter,  
Off went my scarfe, thus marchde I to the Porters.

*All* Ha, ha, was euer heard the like?

*Ful.* The Porter spying me, did leade me in,  
Where his faire mistris sat reading on a chapter:  
Peace to this house quoth I, and those within,  
Which holy speech with admiration wrapt her,  
And euer as I spake, and came her nie,  
Seeming diuine, turnd vp the white of eye.

*Iust.* So, so, what then, what then?

*Old Luf.* Forward, I pray forward Sir.

*Ful.* I spake diuinely, and I calld her Sister,  
And by this meanes we were acquainted well:  
By yea and nay, I will quoth I, and kist her,  
She blusht and said, that long tongde men would tell,  
I seemde to be as secret as the night,  
And saide, on sooth I would put out the light.

*Old Ar.* In sooth he would, a passing passing yeast.

*Ful.* O doe not sweare quoth she, yet put it out,  
Because I would not haue you breake your oath.  
I felt a bed there as I groape about,  
In troth quoth I, heere will we rest vs both.

Sweare you in troth quoth she, had you not sworne  
I had not don't, but tooke it in foule scorne,  
Then you will come quoth I, though I be loath,  
Ile come quoth she, be it but to keepe your oth.

*Iust.* Tis very pretty, but now when's the yeast.

*Old Ar.* O forward, to the yeast in any case.

*Old Luf.* I would not for an angell loose the yeast.

*Ful.* Heres right the dunghil cock that finds a pearl,  
To talke of wit to these, is as a man

*At pleasaunt conceits Comedie.*

Should cast out Jewels to a heird of swine,  
Why in the last words did consist the jeast.

*Old Lus.* I, in the last words ha, ha, ha,  
It was an excellent admired jeast,  
To them that vnderstood it.

*Enter Young Arthur with a cup of Wine.*

*Iust.* It was indeed, I must for fashions sake  
Say as they say, but otherwise, O God!  
Good Mr. Arthur thanks for our good cheare.

*Yon. Ar.* Gentlemen welcome all, now heare me speak:  
One speciall cause that mou'd me leade you hither,  
Is for auncient grudge that hath long since  
Continued twixt my modest wife and me,  
The wrongs that I haue done her; I recant.  
In either hand I hold a seuerall Cup,  
This in the right hand, Wife I drinke to thee,  
This in the left hand pledge me in this draught,  
Burying all former hatred, so haue to thee. *He drinckes.*

*Mis. Ar.* The welcom'st pledge that yet I euer tooke:  
Were this wine poyson, or did taste like gall,  
The hony-sweete condition of your draught,  
Would make it drinke like Nectar: I will pledge you,  
Were in the last that I should euer drinke.

*Yon. Ar.* Make that account: thus Gentlemen you see  
Our late discord brought to a vnitie.

*Ami.* Ecce quam bonum & quam incundum,  
Est habitare fratres in vnum.

*Old Ar.* My hart doth tast the sweetnes of your pledge,  
And I am glad to see this sweete accord.

*Old Lus.* Glad quotha, theres not one amongst vs,  
But may be exceeding glad.

*Iust.* I am, I marie am I, that I am.

*Yon. Lus.* The best accord that could betide their loues.

*Ans.* The worst accord that could betide my loue.

*Blowes*

*Ed*

*Ami.*

*how to choose a good wife from a bad*

*All about to rise*

**Amin:** What, rising Gentiles? keepe your places. Y  
Ile close vp your stomackes with a grace, and change  
*O Domine, & chare Patet*  
That giu'st vs wine instead of water,  
And from the Pond and Riuier cleere,  
Mak'st nappie Ale, and good March Beere,  
That send'st vs sundry sorts of meate,  
And euery thing we drinke or eate,  
To maides, to wiues, to boyes, to men;  
*Lauds Deo sancte Amen.*

**young Ar:** So much good doe ye all, and Gentlemen,  
Accept your welcomes better then your cheere;  
**old Luf:** Nay so we do; Ile giue you thanks for all;  
Come M. *Iustice*, you do walke our way, ym, hon, I O  
And Maister Arthur, and old *Hugh* your man; W. al.  
Weele be the first will straine curtisie;

**Iust:** God be with you all.

*Exeunt old Arthur, Lufaw, and Iustice.*

**Amin:** *Proximus ego sum*, Ile be the next,  
And man you home, how say your Lady?

**Yong Ar:** I pray you doe good fir *Aminadab*.

**Mary:** Sir, if it be not too much trouble to you,  
Let me intreate that kindenesse at your hands.

**Aminadab:** Intreate! fie no, sweete Lasse command:  
*Sic se nunc*, now take the vpper hand.

*He mans her away,*

**Yong Ar:** Come wife, this meeting was all for our  
I long to see the force my poison takes.

**Mis. Ar:** My deare, deare husband, in exchange of  
My loue and heart shall on your seruice waite. (hate,

*Exeunt Arthur and his wife.*

**Musil:** So doth my loue on thee, but long no more;  
To her rich loue, thy seruice is too poore.

*Fulk*

*De plaine concited Comedie*

*Ful.* For shame no more, you had best expostulate  
Your looke with every stranger, leaue these sighes,  
And change them to familiar conference.

*To. Lu.* Trust me the vertures of yong *Arthurs* wife,  
Her constancie, modest humilitie,  
Her patience, and admired temperance,  
Haue made me loue all women kind the better.

*Enter Pipkin.*

*Pip.* O my Mistris, my Mistris, she's dead, she's gone,  
she's dead, she's gone.

*Ans.* What's that hee saies?

*Pip.* Out of my way, stand backe I say, all ioy from  
earth is fled,  
She is this day as cold as clay, my Mistris she is dead:  
O Lord, my Mistris, my Mistris. *Exit.*

*An.* What, Mistris *Arthur*, dead? my soul is vanishe,  
And the worlds wonder from the world quite banisht;  
O I am sicke, my paine growes worse and worse,  
I am quite strooke thorow with this late discourse.

*Ful.* What, faints thou man? He lead thee hence for  
Sowne at the tidings of a womans death! (shame  
Intollerable, and beyond all thought,  
Come my loues foole, giue me thy hand to leade,  
This day one body and two hearts are dead. *Exeunt.*

*yong Luf.* But now she was as well as well might be,  
And on the sodaint dead, ioy in excessse  
Hath ouer-runne her poore disturbed soule.  
He after and see how maister *Arthur* takes it,  
His former hate far more suspitious makes it. *Exit.*

*Enter Hugh: and after, Pipkin.*

*Ha.* My M. hath left his gloues behind where he sat  
in his chaire, and hath sent mee to fetch them, it is such  
an old snudge, hee'le not lose the dropping of his nose.

*Pipkin.* O mistris, O *Hugh*, O *Hugh*, O mistris, *Hugh* I  
must



*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

must needs beate thee, I am mad, I am lunatique, I must fall vpon thee, my mistris is dead:

*Hugh* O M. *Pipkin*, what doe you meane, what doe you meane M. *Pipkin*?

*Pip.* O *Hugh*, O Mistris, O Mistris, O *Hugh*.

*Hugh* O *Pipkin*, O God, O God, O *Pipkin*.

*Pip.* O *Hugh*, I am mad, beare with me, I cannot chuse, O death, O Mistris, O death.

*Hu.* Death quotha, hee hath almost made me dead with beating.

*Enter Reason, old Arthur, and old Lufam.*

*Iust.* I wonder why the knaue my man staies thus, And comes not backe: see where the villaine loiters.

*Enter Pipkin.*

*Bra:* O M. *Iustice*, M. *Arthur*, M. *Lufam*, wonder not why I thus blow and bluster, my Mistris is dead, dead is my Mistris, and therefore hang your selues, O my Mistris, my Mistris.

*Old Ar.* My sonnes wife dead?

*Old Lu.* My daughter?

*Enter young Arthur mourning.*

*Iust.* Mistris *Arthur*, here comes her husband.

*Jon. Ar.* O heere the wofulst husband comes alitie, No husband now, the wight that did vpholde That name of Husband is now quite o rethrowne, And I am left a haplesse widower.

*Old Ar.* Fain wold I speak, if grieve would suffer me.

*Old Lu.* As Maister *Arthur* sayes, so say I, If grieve would let me, I would weeping die, To be thus haplesse in my aged yeeres, O I would speake, but my words melt to teares.

*Ten. Ar.* Go in, go in, and view the sweetest counte That ere was laid vpon a mournfull roome, You cannot speake for weeping sorrowes doome.

H

Bad

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

Bad news are rife, good tidings sildome come. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Anselme.*

*An:* What frantike humor doth thus haunt my sence,  
Striuing to breed destruction in my spirit:  
When I would sleepe, the ghost of my sweete loue  
Appeares vnto me in an Angells shape:  
When I am wake, my phantasie presents,  
As in a glasse, the shadow of my loue:  
When I would speake, her name intrudes it selfe  
Into the perfect ecchoes of my speech:  
And though my thought beget some other word,  
Yet will my tongue speake nothing but her name.  
If I doe meditate, it is on her,  
If dreame on her, or discourse on her,  
I thinke her ghost doth haunt me, as in times  
Of former darknesse, old wiues tales report.

*Enter Fuller.*

Heere comes my bitter Genius, whose aduice  
Directs me still in all my actions.  
How now, from whence come you?

*Ful:* Faith from the streete, in which, as I pas'd by,  
I met the modest Mistris *Arthurs* coarfe,  
And after her, as mourners: first her husband,  
Next Iustice *Reason*, then old M. *Arthur*,  
Old M. *Lufam*, and young *Lufam* too,  
With many other kinsfolks, neighbours, friends,  
And others, that lament her funerall:  
Her body is by this, laid in the vault.

*Anf:* And in that vault my body I will lay,  
I prethee leaue me, thither is my way.

*Ful:* I am sure you iest, you meane not as you say.

*Anf:* No, no, Ile but goe to the Church and pray.

*Ful:* Nay, then we shal be troubled with your humor.

*Anf:* As euer thou didst loue me, or as euer

Thou

*how to chosce a good Wife from a bad.*

Thou didst delight in my society,  
By all the rights of friendship and of loue,  
Let me intreate thy absence but one houre,  
And at the houres end I will come to thee.

*Ful:* Nay, if you will be foolish, and past reason,  
Ile wash my hands like *Pilate*, from thy folly,  
And suffer thee in these extremities.

*Exit.*

*As:* Now it is night, and the bright lamps of heauen  
Are halfe burnt out: now bright *Adelbora*  
Welcomes the cheerefull day-star to the East,  
And harmelesse stilnesse hath possess'd the world,  
This is the Church, this hollow is the vault,  
Where the dead body of my faint remains,  
And this the coffin that inshrines her body,  
For her bright soule is now in Paradiſe.  
My coming is with no intent of sinne,  
Or to defile the body of the dead,  
But rather take my last farewell of her,  
Or languishing and dying by her side,  
My ayry soule poste after hers to heauen.  
First, with this latest kisse I scale my loue:  
Her lips are warme, and I am much deceiu'd,  
If that she stirre not: O this *Golgotha*,  
This place of dead mens bones is terrible,  
Presenting fearefull apparitions!

*Mistrie Arthur in the tombe.*  
It is some spirit that in the coffin lies,  
And makes my haire start vp on end with feare,  
Come to thy selfe faint heart, she sits vp right,  
O I would hide me, but I know not where:  
Tush, if it be a spirit, 'tis a good spirit,  
For with her body liuing, ill she knew not,  
And with her body dead, ill cannot meddle.

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

*Mis. Ar.* Who am I? or where am I?

*Ans.* O she speaks, and by her language now I know  
she liues.

*Mi. Ar.* O who can tell me where I am become!

For in this darknes I haue lost my selfe,  
I am not dead, for I haue sense and life,  
How come I then in this Coffin buried?

*Ans.* Anselme be bold she liues, and Destinie  
Hath traind thee hither to redeeme her life.

*Mi. Ar.* Liues any mongst these dead; none but my self.

*Ans.* O yes, a man whose heart till now was dead,  
Liues and suruiues at your returne to life.

Nay start not I am Anselme, one who long  
Hath doted on your faire perfection.

And louing you more then became me well,  
Was hither sent by some strange prouidence;

To bring you from these hollow vaults below,  
To be a liuer in the world againe.

*Mis. Ar.* I vnderstand you, and I thank the heavens,  
That sent you to resue me from this feare.

And I embrace my safetie with good will.

*Enter Aminadab with two or three boyes.*

*Ami.* *Memento cito lectum fuisse mollem diserte somnare.*  
*Templa petas supplex & ueneratur Deum.*

Shake off thy sleep, get vp betimes, go to the church &  
And neuer feare, God wil thee heare, & keep thee at the

Good counsell, boyes obserue it, marke it well, (day  
This early rising this *disinculo*,

Is good both for your bodies and your minds.

Tis not yet day, giue me my Tinder-box,

Meane time vnloose your satchels, and your bookes,

Draw, draw, and take you to your lessons boyes.

*1. Boy.* O Lord M. whats that in the white sheete?

*Ami.* In the white sheete my boy, *Dic ubi*, where?

*Boy.*

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

*Boy. Vide Maister, wide illic there.*

*Ani. O Dominus, domine, keepe vs from euill,  
A charme from flesh, the world, and the diuells.*

*Mis. Ar. O tell me not my husband was in grate,  
Or that he did attempt to poyson me,  
Or that he laid me heere, and I was dead,  
These are no meanes at all to win my loue.*

*Ans. Sweet Mistris bequeath you to the earth,  
You promis'd him to be his wife till death,  
And you haue kept your promise, but now since  
The world, your husband, and your friends suppose  
That you are dead, grant me but one request,  
And I will sweare neuer to sollicite more  
Your sacred thoughts to my dishonnest loue.*

*Mis. Ar. So your demaund may be no preiudice  
To my chaste name, no wrong vnto my husband,  
No sure that may concerne my wedlocke breach,  
I yeeld vnto it, but to passe the bands of modestie and  
First will I bequeath my selfe againe (chastitie,  
Vnto this graue, and neuer part from hence,  
Than taint my soule with blacke impuritie.*

*Ans. Take here my hand and faithfull heart to gage,  
That I will neuer tempe you more to sinne  
This my request is, since your husband doates  
Vpon a lewd lasciuious curtezan;  
Since he hath broke the bands of your chaste bed,  
And like a murderer sent you to your graue,  
Do but go with me to my mothers house,  
There shall you liue in secret for a space,  
Onely to see the end of such lewd lust,  
And know the difference of a chaste wifes bed,  
And one whose life is in all loosenesse led.*

*Mis. Ar. Your mother is a vertuous Matron held,*

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

Her counsell, conference, and companie,  
May much auail me, there a space Ile stay,  
Vpon condition as you said before,  
You neuer will moue your vnchaste sute more.

*Ans.* My faith is pawn'd, O neuer had chaste wife,  
A husband of so lewd and vnchaste life. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Mary, Brabo, and Splay.*

*Bra:* Mistris, I long haue seru'd you, euen since  
These bristled haire vpon my graue-like chin,  
Were all vnborne: when I first came to you,  
These infant feathers of these rauens wings,  
Were not once begun.

*Splay* No indeed they were not.

*Bra:* Now, in my two nuchatoes for a neede,  
Wanting a rope, I well could hang my selfe:  
I prethee Mistris, for all my long seruice,  
For all the loue that I haue borne thee long,  
Doe me this fauour now, to marry me.

*Enter young Arthur.*

*Ma:* Marry come vp you block head, you great asse,  
What, wouldst thou haue me marry with a diuelle:  
But peace, no more, heere comes the seely foole,  
That we so long haue set our lime twigs for,  
Be gone, and leaue me to intangle him.

*Tong Ar:* What, Mistris Mary?

*Ma:* O good Master Arthur, where haue you bin this  
weeke, this month, this yeare?

This yeare said I, where haue you bin this age?  
Vnto a loue, every minute seemes time out of minde.  
How should I thinke you loue me,  
That can indure to stay so long from me?

*Tong Ar:* In faith sweete heart I saw thee yesternight.

*Mary* I, true, you did, but since you saw me not,  
At twelue a clocke you parted from my house,

*And*



*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

And now tis morning, and new strucken seuen  
Seuen houres thou staidst from me; why didst thou so?  
They are my seuen yeares prentiship of woe.

*Yong Ar.* I prethee be patient, I had some occasion  
That did inforce me from thee yester-night.

*Ma.* I, you are soone inforc'd, foole that I am,  
To dote on one that nought respecteth me;  
Tis but my fortune, I am borne to beare it,  
And euerie one shall haue their destinie.

*Yong Ar.* Nay weepe not wench, thou woundst me  
with thy teares.

*Mary.* I am a foole, and so you make me too,  
These teares were better kept, then spent in waste,  
On one that neither tenders them nor mends;  
What remedie, but if I chance to die,  
Or to miscarie with that I go withall,  
Ile take my death that thou art cause thereof;  
You told me, that when your wife was dead,  
You would forsake all others, and take me.

*Yong Ar.* I told thee so, and I will keepe my word,  
And for that end I came thus early to thee:  
I haue procur'd a licence, and this night  
We will be married in a lawlesse church.

*Ma.* These newes reuiue me, and do somewhat ease  
The thought that was new gotten to my heart;  
But shall it be to night?

*Yong Ar.* I wench, to night.  
A fennet and odde dayes since my wife died,  
Is past alreadie, and her timelesse death,  
Is but a nine dayes talke, come go with me,  
And it shall be dispatcht presently.

*Ma.* Nay, then I see thou louest me, and I find  
By this last motion, thou art growne more kind.

*Yong Ar.* My loue and kindnes like my age shall grow,  
And

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

And with the time increase, and thou shalt see,  
The older I grow, the kinder I will bee.

*Ma.* I, so I hope it will, but as for mine,  
That with my age shall day by day decline.  
Come, shall we goe?

*Yong. An.* With thee to the worlds end,  
Whose beautie most admire, and all commend.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Anselme and Fuller.*

*Anf.* 'Tis true as I relate the circumstance,  
And she is with my mother sate at home,  
But yet for all the hate I can alledge  
Against her husband, nor for the love  
That on mine owne part I can urge her too,  
Will she be wonne to gratifie my loue.

*Ful.* All things are full of ambiguitie,  
And I admire this wondrous accident.  
But Anselme, Arthur's about a new wife, a *bona raba*,  
How will she take it when she heares this newes?

*Anf.* I thinke even as a vertuous Matron should;  
It may be that report may from thy mouth  
Beget some pittie from her flintie heart,  
And I will urge her with it presently.

*Ful.* Unless report be false, they are linkt already,  
They are fast as words can tie them. I will tell thee  
How I by chance did meeete him the last night.  
One said to me, this Arthur did intend  
To haue a wife, and presently to marrie:  
Amidst the street I met him as my friend,  
And to his Loue a Present he did carrie.  
It was some ring, some stomacher, or toy;  
I spake to him, and bade, God giue him ioy.  
God giue me ioy quoth he, of what I pray?  
Mame, quoth I, your wedding that is toward.

*Exe.*

*Tis*

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

Tis false quoth he, and would haue gone away.  
Come, come, quoth I, so neare it, and so froward!  
I vrgde him hard by our familiar loues,  
Pray'd him withall, not to forget my gloues.  
Then he began; your kindnesse hath bin great,  
Your curtesie great; and your loue not common,  
Yet so much fauour pray let me intreate,  
To be excusde from knowing any woman.  
I knew the wench that is become his Bride,  
And smilde to thinke how deepely he had lide:  
For first he swore he did not court a Maide,  
A wife he could not, she was else-where tide:  
And as for such as widowes were, he saide,  
And deepely swore, none such should be his Bride.  
Widow, nor Wife, nor Maide, I askt no more,  
Knowing he was betroth'd vnto a whore.

*Enter mistris Arthur.*

*Anselme* Is it not Mistris *Mary* that you meane,  
She that did dine with vs at Arthurs house?

*Full* The same, the same, here comes the gentlewo-  
Oh Mistris Arthur, I am of your counsell, (man,  
Welcome from death to life.

*Ans.* Mistris, this gentleman hath news to tell ye,  
And as you like of it; so thinke of me.

*Fuller* Your husband hath already got a wife,  
A huffing wench yfaith, whose ruffling silkes,  
Make with their motion, musicke vnto loue,  
And you are quite forgotten.

*Ans.* I haue sworne to moue this my vnchaste de-  
maund no more.

*Fuller* When doth your colour change?  
When doth your eies sparkle with fire to reuenge these  
wronges?  
When doth your tongue breake into rage and wrath,

I

Against

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

Against that scurr of rishhood, your vile husband,  
He fits himselfe you.

*Ans:* And yet can you loue him?

*Ful:* He left your chaste bed, to defile the bed  
Of sacred marriage with a curtezane.

*Ans:* Yet can you loue him yet?

*Ful:* And not content with this, he hath  
Abus'd your honest name with flaunderous words,  
And filld your blisfull house with whorishnesse.

*Ans:* And can you loue him yet?

*Ful:* Nay, did he not with his rude fingers, dash you  
on the face,

And doubled yet your corall lips with blood?

Hath he not with his filthy hands from your head,  
Where with his hands would haue string his haire,

And kept them to play musick to the Gods?

Hath he not beat you, and with his rude fists,  
Vpon that crimson temperance of your cheekes,

Laid a lead colour with his boistrous blowes?

*Ans:* And can you loue him yet?

*Ful:* Then, did he not, send you  
Eytter by poyson, or some other plot,

Send you to death, hath he not scandaliz'd

Your place with an immodest curtezane?

*Ans:* And can you loue him yet?

*Mis. Ar:* And yet, and yet, and still, and euer while I

breathe this ayre,

Nay, after death, my vnsubstantiall soule,

Like a good Angell, shall attend on him,

And keepe him from all harme,

But is he married? much good doe his heart,

Pray God she may content him better faire

Than

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

Than I haue done: long may they liue in peace,  
Till I disturbe their solace; but because  
I feare some mischiefe doth hang o're his head,  
He weepe mine eyes drie with my present care,  
And for their healths make hoarse my tongue with praise

*Ful.* Art sure she is a woman: if she be,  
She is create of Natures puritie.

*Ans.* O yes, I too well know she is a woman,  
Hence-forth my vertue shall my loue withstand,  
And on my struing thoughts get the vpper hand.

*Ful.* Then thus resolu'd, I straight will drinke to thee,  
A health thus deepe, to drowne thy melancholy.

*Enter Mary, young Arthur, Brahe, and Splay.*

*Ma.* Not haue my will, yes, I will haue my will:  
Shall I not go abroad but when you please?  
Can I not now and then meete with my friends,  
But at my coming home you will controule me?  
Marie come vp.

*young Ar.* Where art thou patience?  
Nay rather, where's become my former splene?  
I had a wife would not haue vsde me so.

*Ma.* Why you lacke sawce, you Cuckold, you what:  
What am not I of age sufficient  
To go and come still when my pleasure serues,  
But must I haue you sir to question me?  
Not haue my will? yes I will haue my will.

*young Ar.* I had a wife would not haue vsde me so,  
But shee is dead.

*Bra.* Not haue her will, sir she shall haue her will,  
She saies she will, and sir I say she shall.  
Not haue her will? that were a ieast indeed.  
Who sayes she shall not, if I be dispoide.

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

To man her forth, who shall finde fault with it:  
What's he that dare say black's her eie:  
Though you be married fir, yet you must know  
That she was euer borne to haue her will.

*Splay* Not haue her will, Gods passion, I say still,  
A woman's no body that wants her will.

*yo: Ar:* Where is my spirit, what, shall I maintaine  
A strumpet, with a *Brabo* and her bawde,  
To beard me out of my authority?  
What, am I from a maister made a slaue?

*Ma:* A slaue? nay worse, dost thou maintaine my man  
And this my maid? Tis I maintaine them both.  
I am thy wife, I will not be drest so  
While thy gold lasts, but then most willingly  
I will bequeathe thee to star beggary.

I doe already hate thee, do thy worst,  
Nay touch me if thou dar'st, what shall he beate me?

*Bra.* He make him secke his fingers amongst the dogs,  
That dares to touch my Mistris: neuer feare,  
My sword shall smoothe the wrinkles of his browes,  
That bends a frowne vpon my Mistris.

*Tom: Ar:* I had a wife would not haue vside me so,  
But God is iust.

*Mary.* Now Arthur, if I knew  
What in this world would most torment thy soule,  
That I would do: would all my euill vsage  
Could make thee strait dispaire, and hang thy selfe.  
Now I remember, where is Arthurs man  
Pipkin, that slaue, go turne him out of doores,  
None that loues Arthur shall haue houseroome heere.

*Enter Pipkin.*

Yonder he comes, *Brabo* discarde the fellow.

*Tong Ar:* Shall I be ouer-maistred in my owne:  
Be thy selfe Arthur, strumpet he shall stay.

*Mary*



*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

**Ma.** What shall he Brabo, shall he Mistris Splay?

**Bra.** Shall he? he shall not: breathes there any living  
Dares say he shall, when Brabo sayes he shall not?

**Yong Ar.** Is there any law for this? she is my wife,  
Should I complaine, I should be rather mockt:  
I am content, keepe by thee whom thou list.  
Discharge whom thou thinkst good, do what thou wilt.  
Rise, go to bed, stay at home, or go abroad  
At thy good pleasure, keepe all companies:  
So that for all this, I may haue but peace.  
Be vnto me as I was to my wife,  
Onely giue me what I denied her then,  
A little loue, and some small quietnesse.  
If he displease thee turne him out of doores.

**Pip.** Who me? turne me out of doores? is this all the  
wages I shall haue at the yeares end, to be turned out  
of doores? you Mistris, you are a:

**Splay.** A, what? speake, a what? touch her, & touch me,  
taint her, and taint me, speake, speake, a what?

**Pip.** Marry a woman that is kin to the frost.

**Splay.** How do you meane that? (stand.

**Pip.** And you are a kin to the Latin word, to vnder

**Splay.** And whats that?

**Pip.** *Subaudi, subaudi*: and sir do you not vse to pinke

**Splay.** And why? dublets?

**Pip.** I tooke you for a cutter, you are of a great kintred;  
you are a common couzener, euery body calls you cou-  
sen: besides, they say you are a very good warrener, you  
haue beene an old Cony-catcher: but if I bee turned a  
begging, as I know not what I am borne too, and that  
you euer com to the said trade, as nothing is vnpossible,  
Ile set al the common-wealth of beggers on your back,  
and at the congregation of vermine shall be put to your  
keeping, and then if you be not more bitten then at the

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

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*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

companie of beggers besides, Ile not haue my will:  
zowns turn'd out of doores, Ile go & set vp my trade,  
a dish to drinke in, that I haue within, a waller that Ile  
make of an olde shirt, then my speech, for the Lordes  
sake, I beseech your worship, then I must haue a lame  
leg. Ile go to foot ball and breake my shiunes, and I am  
prouided for that.

*Bra.* What stands the villain prating, hence you slave.

*Exit Pipkin.*

*Tong Ar.* Art thou yet pleas'd?

*Ma:* When I haue had my humor.

*Tong Ar.* Good friends for maners sake a while with-

*Bra.* It is our pleasure sir to stand aside. *(draw.)*

*Tong Ar.* Mary, what cause hast thou to vie me thus?

From nothing I haue rais'd thee to much wealth,

Twas more then I did owe thee many a pound,

Nay many an hundred pound I spent on thee

In my wiues time: and once, but by my meanes,

Thou hadst beene in much danger: but in all things

My purse and credit euer bare thee out:

I did not owe thee this, I had a wife

That would haue laid her selfe beneath my secte

To do me seruice, her I set at naught

For the intire affection I bare thee.

To shew that I haue lou'd thee, haue I not

Above all women made chiefe choise of thee?

An argument sufficient of my loue,

What reason then hast thou to wrong me thus?

*Ma.* It is my humor.

*Tong Ar.* O but such humors honest wiues should purge:

Ile shew thee a far greater instance yet

Of the true loue that I haue borne to thee.

Thou knewst my brothers wife, was she not faire?

*Mary.* So so.

*Tong*

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

*Tong Ar:* But more than faire, was she not vertuous,  
Indued with the beautie of the mind?

*Tong Ar:* Faith so they said.

*Ma:* Harke in thine eare, Ile trust thee with my life;  
Then which what greater instance of my loue:  
Thou knewst full well how sodainly shee dide,  
To enjoy thy loue, even then I poisoned her.

*Ma:* How poisoned her? a cursed murderer,  
Ile ring this fatall harum in all eares,  
Than which, what greater instance of my hate.

*Tong Ar:* Wilt thou not keepe my counsell?

*Ma:* Villain, no: thou'lt poison me as thou hast poisond

*Tong Ar:* Doo'st thou reward me thus for all my loue?  
Then *Arthur*, bid and seeke to saue thy life,  
O difference twixt a chaste and vnchaste wife! *Exh.*

*Ma:* Pursue the murderer, apprehend him strait.

*Bra:* Why, what's the matter Mistris?

*Ma:* This Villaine *Arthur*, poisoned his first wife: I  
Which he in secret hath confest to me: I and T  
Goe and fetch warrants from the Iustices,  
To attach the murderer, he once hang'd and dead,  
His wealth is mine, pursue the slave that's fled.

*Bra:* Mistris, I will, he shall not pack this land  
But I will bring him bound with this strong hand. *M.*

*Enter Mistris Arthur.*

*Mis. Ar:* O what are the vaine pleasures of the world,  
That in their actions we affect them for?  
Had I beene borne a seruant, my low life  
Had stodie stood from all these miseries:  
The waving reedes stand free from euery gill  
When the tall oaks are rent vp by the rootes  
What is vaine beauty, but an idle breath  
Why are we proud of that which so soone changes?

*EnA*

*But*

*Exe. l. b. Gennard*

But rather with the beautie of the minde,  
Which neither Time can alter, sickenes change,  
Violence deface, nor the blacke hand of Enuie,  
Smudge and disgrace, or spoile, or make deform'd.  
O had my riotous husband borne this mind,  
He had bin happy, I had bin more blest,  
And peace had brought our quiet soules to rest.

*Enter young Arthur poorly.*

*Tong Ar.* O whither shall I flie to saue my life,  
When Murther and Dispaire dogs at my heeles?  
O misery, thou neuer foundst a friend,  
All friends forsake men in aduersitie:  
My brother hath denied to succour me,  
Vpbraiding me with name of Murtherer.  
My vnckles double barre their doores against me;  
My father hath denied to shelter me,  
And curst me worse than *Adam* did vile *Eue*.  
I that within these two dayes had more friends  
Than I could number with Arithmetike,  
Haue now no more than one poore cypher is,  
And that poore cypher I supply my selfe.  
All that I durst commit my fortunes to,  
I haue tried, and finde none to relieue my wants.  
My sodaine sight, and feare of future shame,  
Left me vnfurnisht of all necessaries,  
And these three dayes I haue not tasted foode.  
*M. Ar.* It is my husband, O how iust is heauen!  
Poorely disguise, and almost hunger-star'd.  
How comes this change?

*Tong Ar.* Dooth no man follow me?  
O how suspicious guiltie murder is!  
I starue for hunger, and I die for thirst;  
Had I a kingdome I would sell my Crowne  
For a small bit of bread: I shame to beg,



*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

And yet perforce I must, or beg, or starue;  
This house belike longs to some Gentlewoman,  
And heere's a woman; I wil beg of her;  
Good mistris looke vpon a poore mans wants.  
Whom do I see? Tush Arthur she is dead,  
But that I saw her dead and buried,  
I would haue sworne it had bin Arthurs wife;  
But I will leaue her, shame forbids me beg;  
On one so much resembles her.

*Mi. Ar.* Come hither fellow, wherfore dost thou turn  
Thy guilty looks and blushing face aside?  
It seemes thou hast not bin brought vp to this.

*Ton. Ar.* You say true Mistris: then for charitable,  
And for her sake whom you resemble most,  
Pittie my present want and miserie.

*Mi. Ar.* It seems thou hast bin in some better plight,  
Sit downe I prethee, men though they be poore,  
Should not be scorn'd; to ease thy hunger, first  
Eate these Conсарues; and now I prethee tell me  
What thou hast beene, thy fortunes, thy estate,  
And what she was that I resemble most.

*Ton. Ar.* First look that no man see or ouer-heare vs  
I thinke that shape was borne to doe me good.

*Mi. Ar.* Hast thou known one that did resemble me

*yo. Ar.* I Mistris, I cannot chuse but weepe,  
To call to mind the fortunes of her youth.

*Mi. Ar.* Of what estate or birth was she?

*Ton. Ar.* Born of good parents, & as wel brought vp;  
Most faire, but not so faire as vertuous,  
Happy in all things but her marriage.  
Her riotous husband, which I weepe to thinke,  
By his lewd life made them both miscarrie.

*Mi. Ar.* Why dost thou grieue at their aduersities?

*yo. Ar.* O blame me not, that man my kinsman was,

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

Nearer to me a kinsman could not be,  
As neare ali'd was that chaste woman too;  
Nearer was neuer husband to his wife;  
He whom I teard'my friend, no friend of mine,  
Prouing both mine and his owne enemie,  
Poyfined his wife, O the time he did so!  
Ioyed at her death, inhumane flau'e to do so,  
Exchang'd her loue for a base strumpets lust,  
Foule wretch, accursed villaine, to exchange so.

*Mi. Ar.* You are wise, and blest, and happie to repent so,  
But what became of him and his new wife?

*Tong. Ar.* O heare the iustice of the highest heauen,  
This strumpet in reward of all his loue,  
Pursues him for the death of his first wife,  
And now the wofull husband languisheth,  
Flies vpon pursu'd by her fieret hate,  
And now too late he doth repent her sinne,  
Readie to perish in his owne dispaire,  
Hauing no meanes but death to rid his care.

*Mis. Ar.* I can indure no more, but I must weepe,  
My blabbing teares cannot my counsell keepe.

*Ton. Ar.* Why weepe you Mistris? if you had the heart  
Of her whom you resemble in your face,  
But she is dead, and for her death,  
The sponge of either eye,  
Shall weepe red teares till euerie veine is drie.

*Mis. Ar.* Why weepe you friend, your rainie drops keep,  
Repentance wipes away the drops of sin,  
Yet tell me friend, he did exceeding ill,  
A wife that lou'd and honour'd him, to kill;  
Yet say one like her, faire more chaste then faire,  
Bids him be of good comfort, not dispaire,  
Her soule's appeased with her repentant teares,  
Wishing he may suruiue her many yeares!

*how to choose a good wife from a bad.*

Faine would I giue him money to supply  
His present wants, but fearing he should flie,  
And getting ouer to some forren shoare,  
These rainy eyes should neuer see him more.

My heart is full, I can no longer stay:  
But what I am my loue must needs bewray.

Farewell good fellow, and take this to spend,  
Say one like her commends her to your friend. *Exit.*

*Yo. Ar.* No friend of mine, I was my own soules foe,  
To murder my chaste wife thinke I doe so.

In life she lou'd me dearer than her life,  
What husband here but would wish such a wife.

I heare the Officers with me and ene,  
She sa'd my life but now, and now I die.

And welcome death, I will not flie from hence,  
Death I deseru'd, Ile die for this offence.

*Enter Brabo with officers, Splay and Hugh.*

*Brab.* Heere is the murderer, and *Reason* man,  
You haue the warrant: Sirs, lay hands on him.

Attach the slave, and leade him bound to death.

*Hugh.* No by my faith *M. Brabo*, you haue the better  
hart, at least you should haue: I am sure you haue more  
yron and Steele than I haue, doe you lay handes vpon  
him, I promise you I dare not.

*Brab.* Constables forward, forward Officers,  
I will not thrust my finger in the fire.

Lay hands on him: I say why step you backe?

I meane to be the hindmost, lest that any  
Should rub me away, and leaue the rest in perill.

Stand forward, are you not ashamde to feare?

*Yo. Ar.* Nay neuer strue, behold I yeeld my selfe,

I must commend your resolution,

That being so many, and so weapon'd,

Dare not aduenture on a man vnarmde.

*A pleasant conceited Comedie*

Now leade me to what prison you thinke best  
Yet vse me well, I am a Gentleman.

*Hugh* Truly M. *Arthur*, wee will vse you as well as  
heart can thinke: the Iustices sit to day, and my mistris  
is chiefe, you shall command me.

*Br.* What, hath he yeilded: if he had withstood vs,  
This Currelax of mine had cleft his head:  
Resist he durst not when once he spied me.

Come, leade him hence; how likest thou this, sweete  
This fellowes death will make our mistris rich (witcher

*Splay* I say I care not who's dead or aliue,  
So by their liues or deaths we two may thrive.

*Hugh* Come, beare him away.

*Enter Iustice, Reason, old Arthur, old Lufam.*

*Iust.* Old M. *Arthur*, and M. *Lufam*, so it is that I  
haue heard both your complaints, but ynderstood nei-  
ther, for you know, *Legere & non intelligere negligere est.*

*Old Ar.* I come for fauour, as a father should,  
Pittring the fall and ruine of his sonne.

*Old Luf.* I come for Iustice as a father should,  
That hath by violent murder lost his daughter.

*Iust.* You come for fauor, and you come for iustice,  
Iustice with fauor is not partiall,  
And vsing that, I hope to please you both.

*Old Ar.* Good M. Iustice thinke vpon my sonne.

*Old Lu.* Good M. Iustice thinke vpon my daughter.

*Iust.* Why so I do, I thinke vpon them both,  
But can doe neither of you good:  
For he that liues must die, and she that's dead,  
Cannot be reuiued.

*Old Ar.* *Lufam*, thou seek'st to rob mee of my sonne,  
my onely sonne.

*Old Luf.* Hee robb'd me of my daughter, my onely  
daughter.

*Iust.*

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

*Iust:* And robbers are flat felons by the law.

*Old Ar:* *Lufam*, I say thou art a blood-sucker,  
A tyrant, a remorselesse Caniball:  
Olde as I am, Ile proue it on thy bones.

*Old Lu.* Am I a blood-sucker or Caniball?  
Am I a tyrant that do thirst for blood?

*Old Ar:* I if thou seekst the ruine of my sonne,  
Thou art a tyrant and a blood-sucker.

*Old Lu:* I, if I seek the ruine of thy son, I am indeed.

*Old Ar:* Nay more; thou art a dotard:  
And in the right of my accursed sonne,  
I challenge thee the field, meet me I say  
To morrow morning besides *Islington*,  
And bring thy sword and buckler if thou darst.

*Old Luf:* Meete thee with my sword and buckler?  
There's my gloue.

Ile meete thee to reuenge my daughters death.  
Callst thou me dotard? Thogh these threescore yeeres  
I neuer handled weapon but a knife  
To cut my meate, yet will I meete thee there.

Gods precious, call me dotard?

*Old Ar:* I haue cause,  
Iust cause to call thee dotard, haue I not?

*Old Lu.* Nay that's another matter, haue you cause?  
Then God forbid that I should take exceptions,  
To be calld dotard of one that hath cause.

*Iust:* My Maisters, you must leaue this quarrelling,  
for quarrellers are neuer at peace; and men of peace  
while they are at quiet, are neuer quarrelling: so you,  
whilst you fall into brawles, you can not choose but  
jarre. Heere comes your sonne accused, and your wife  
the accuser: stand forth both, *Hugh* be readie with your  
pen and Inke to take their examinations and confessions.

*And A Pleasant Comedie*

*Enter Mary, Splay, Brabu, yong Arthur, Hugh,  
and Officers.*

*yong Ar:* It shall not need, I doe confesse the deed,  
Of which this woman here accuseth me:  
I poyned my first wife, and for that deed  
I yeeld me to the mercie of the lawe.

*Old Luf:* Villaine, thou meanst my onely daughter,  
And in her death deprivedst me of all ioyes.

*yong Ar:* I meane her, I doe confesse the deede,  
And though my body taste the force of Lawe,  
Like an offender, on my knee I beg,  
Your angry soule will pardon me her death.

*Old Luf:* Nay, if he kneeling doe confesse the deed,  
No reason but I should forgine her death.

*Luf:* But so the lawe must not be satisfide,  
Bloud must haue bloud, and men must haue death,  
I thinke that cannot be dispencde withall.

*Mary:* If all the world else would forgine the deed,  
Yet would I earnestly pursue the law.

*yong Ar:* I had a wife would not haue vsde me so,  
The wealth of Europe could not hire her tong,  
To be offensive to my patient eares,  
But in exchanging her, I did preferre  
A diuell before a Saint, night before day,  
Hell before heauen, and dross before tried gold,  
Neuer was bargain with such damage sold.

*Brab:* If you want witness to confirme the deede,  
I heard him speake it, and that to his face  
Before this presence I will iustifie;  
I will not part hence til I see him swing.

*Splay:* I heard him too, pury but he should die,  
And like a murderer be sent to hell  
To poyson her, and make her belly swell.

*Mary:* Why stay you then, giue iudgement on the  
Whose



*how to choose a good wife from a bad.*

Whose shamelesse life deserues a shamefull grave.

*To: Ar:* Deaths bitter pangs are not so full of griefe,  
As this unkindnes: every word thou speakest  
Is a sharpe dagger thrust quite through my heart.  
As little I deserue this at thy hands,  
As my kinde patient wife deseru'd of me,  
I was her torment, God hath made thee mine,  
Then wherefore at iust plagues should I repine?

*Iust:* Where didst thou buy this poyson? for such  
Are felonie for any man to sell.

*Yong Ar:* I had the poyson of *Aminadab*,  
But innocent man, he was not accessarie  
To my wifes death, I cleere him of the deede.

*Iust:* No matter, fetch him, fetch him, bring him  
To answer to this matter at the barre.

*Hugh,* take these Officers and apprehend him.

*Bra:* Ile aide him too, the Schoolemaister I see.

Perhaps may hang with him for company.

*Enter Anselme and Fuller.*

*Anf:* This is the day of Arthurs examination  
And shall for the murder of his wife.

Lets heare how Iustice *Reason* wil proceede,  
In censuring of his strict punishment.

*Fu:* *Anselme* content, lets thrust in among the throng.

*Enter Aminadab brought in with Officers.*

*Amin:* O Domine, what meane these knaues,

To leade me thus with billes and glaues?

O what example would it be,

To all my pupills for to see,

To treade their steps all after me:

If for some fault I hanged be:

Somewhat surely I shall marre,

If you bring me to the barre.

But peace, betake thee to thy wits,

*And A pleasant conceited Comedie.*

For yonder Iustice Reason sits.

*Iust.* Sir Dad sir Dab, heere's one accuseth you,  
To giue him poyson being ill imployed;  
Speake how in this case you can cleare your selfe.

*Ami.* *Hei mihi*, what should I say, the poison giuen  
Ldenay; he tooke it perforce from my hands, and *Domine*, why not? I  
Got it of a Gentleman, he most freely gaue it,  
Aske, he knew me, a meanes was only to haue it.

*young Ar.* Tis true, I tooke it from this man perforce,  
And snatcht it from his hand by rude constraint,  
Which prooues him in this act not culpable.

*Iust.* I, but who sold the poyson vnto him?  
That must be likewise knowne, speake schoole maister.

*Amin:* A man *verbofus*, that was a fine *generosus*,  
He was a great guller, his name I take to be *Fuller*:  
See where hee stands that vnto my handes conueyed a  
powder,

And like a knaut sent her to her graue, obscurely to  
shrowd her.

*Iust.* Lay hands on him, are you a poyson seller?  
Bring him before vs, sirra, what say you,  
Sold you a poison to this honest man?

*Full:* I sold no poison, but I gaue him one  
To kill his Rattes.

*Iust:* Ha, ha, I smell a Ratte:  
You sold him poyson then to kill his Rattes?  
The word to kill argues a murtherous minde:  
And you are brought in compasse of the murder:  
So set him by, we will not heare him speake,  
That *Arthur*, *Fuller*, and the Schoolemaister,  
Shall by the Iudges be examined.

*Ans.* Sir, if my friend may not speake for himselfe,  
Yet let me his proceedings iustifie.

*Iust.*

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

*Iust.* What's he that will a murther iustifie:  
Lay hands on him, lay hands on him I say,  
For iustificiers are all accessaries,  
And accessaries haue deseru'd to die.  
Away with him, we will not heare him speake,  
They all shall to the high Commissioners.

*Enter Mistris Arthur.*

*Mis. Ar:* Nay, stay them, stay them yet a little while,  
I bring a warrant to the contrary,  
And I will please all parties presently.

*Young Ar:* I thinke my wifes ghost haunts me to my  
Wretch that I was, to shorten her lifes breath. (death,

*Old Ar:* Whom doe I see, my sonnes wife?

*Old Lu:* What, my daughter?

*Iust:* Is it not Mistris *Arthur* that we see,  
That long since buried we supposde to be?

*Mis. Ar:* This man is condemnd for poisoning of his  
His poisoned wife yet liues, and I am she; (wife,  
And therefore iustly I release his bands:

This man for suffering him these drugges to take,  
Is likewise bound, release him for my sake:

This Gentleman that first the poison gaue,  
And this his friend to be rekt asde I craue.

Murther there cannot be, where none is kild,  
Her blood is sau'd, whom you supposde was spild.

Father in law, I giue you heere your sonne,  
The act's to doe, which you supposde was done.

And father, now ioy in your daughters life,  
Whom heauen hath still kept to be *Arthurs* wife.

*Old Ar:* O welcome, welcome daughter, now I see,  
God by his power hath preferued thee. (dead,

*Old Lu:* And 'tis my wench, whom I suppos'd was  
My ioy reuiues, and my sad woe is fled.

*Robert*

*L*

*Young Ar*

*A pleasant corrected Comedie*

*Yong Ar:* I know not what I am, nor where I am,  
My soule's transported to an extatic,  
For hope and ioy confound my memory.

*Ma:* What doe I see, liues *Arthurs* wife againe?  
Nay, then I labour for his death in vaine.

*Bra:* What secret force did in nature lurke,  
That in her soule the poison would not worke.

*Splay* How can it be the poison tooke no force?  
She liues with that which would haue kild a horse.

*Mis. Ar:* Nay shun me not, be not asham'd at all,  
To heauen, not me, for grace and pardon fall.  
Looke on me *Arthur*, blush not at my wrongs.

*Yon. Ar:* Stil feare & hope my griefe & wo prolongs.  
But tell me by what power thou didst suruiue?  
With my owne hands I temperd that vile draught,  
That sent thee breathlesse to thy grandsires graue,  
If that were poison I receiu'd of him.

*Ami:* That *ego nescio*, but this dram,  
Receiu'd I of this Gentleman.  
The colour was to kill my rats,  
But 'twas my owne life to dispatch.

*Ful:* Is it euen so, then this ambiguous doubt,  
No man can better then my selfe decide:  
That compound powder was of Poppie made & Man-  
Of purpose to cast one into a sleepe, (drakes,  
To ease the deadly paine of him, whose leg (master.  
Should be saw'd off, that powder gaue I to the schoole.

*Ami:* And that same powder, euen that *idem*,  
You tooke from me the same *per fidem*.

*yo. Ar:* And that same powder I commixt with wine,  
Our godly knot of wedlocke to vntwine. (grauce?

*Old Ar:* But daughter, who did take thee from thy

*old Lu:* Discourte it daughter.

*Ans:* Nay that labour faue:

Pardon

*how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

Pardon me M. Arthur, I will now  
Confesse the former frailtie of my loue,  
Your modest wife with words I tempted off,  
But neither ill I could report of you,  
Nor any good I could forge for my selfe  
Would winne her to attend to my request:  
Nay, after death I lou'd her, in so much  
That to the vault where she was buried,  
My constant loue did lead me through the darke,  
There readie to haue tane my last farewell,  
The parting kisse I gaue her I felt warme.  
Briefly, I bare her to my mothers house,  
Where she hath since liu'd the most chaste and true,  
That since the worlds creation eie did view.

To. Ar: My first wife stand you here, my second there,  
And in the midst my selfe: he that will chuse  
A good wife from a bad, come learne of me  
That haue tried both, in wealth and miserie.  
A good wife will be carefull of her fame,  
Her husbands credit, and her owne good name:  
And such art thou. A bad wife will respect  
Her pride, her lust, and her good name neglect,  
And such art thou. A good wife will be still  
Industrious, apt to do her husbands will:  
But a bad wife, crosse, spightfull and madding,  
Neuer keepe home, but alwayes be gadding:  
And such art thou. A good wife will conceale  
Her husbands dangers, and nothing reueale  
That may procure him harme, and such art thou.  
But a bad wife corrupts chaste wedlocks vow,  
On this hand vertue, and on this hand sinne,  
This who would strue to loose, or this to winne?  
Here liues perpetuall ioy, here burning woe,  
Now husbands choose on which hand you will goe.

Secke

*Or pleasant conceited Comedie*

Secke vertuous wiues, all husbands will be blest,  
Faie wiues are good, but vertuous wiues are best.  
They that my fortunes will peruse, shall finde,  
No beautie's like the beauty of the minde.

**FINIS.**



*Gentleheart*





